



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

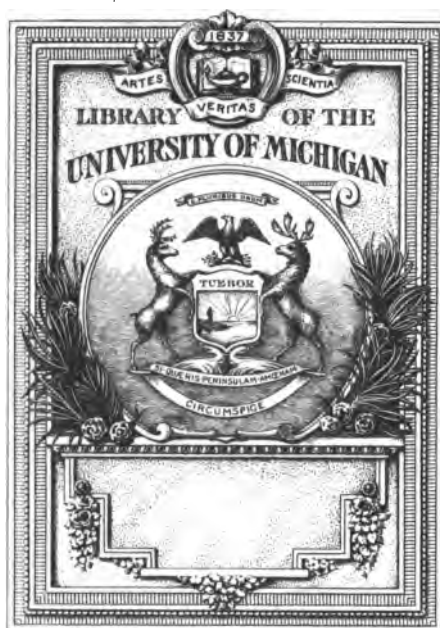
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

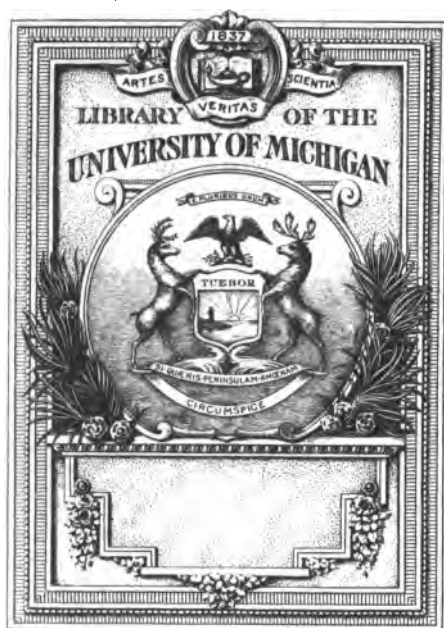
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

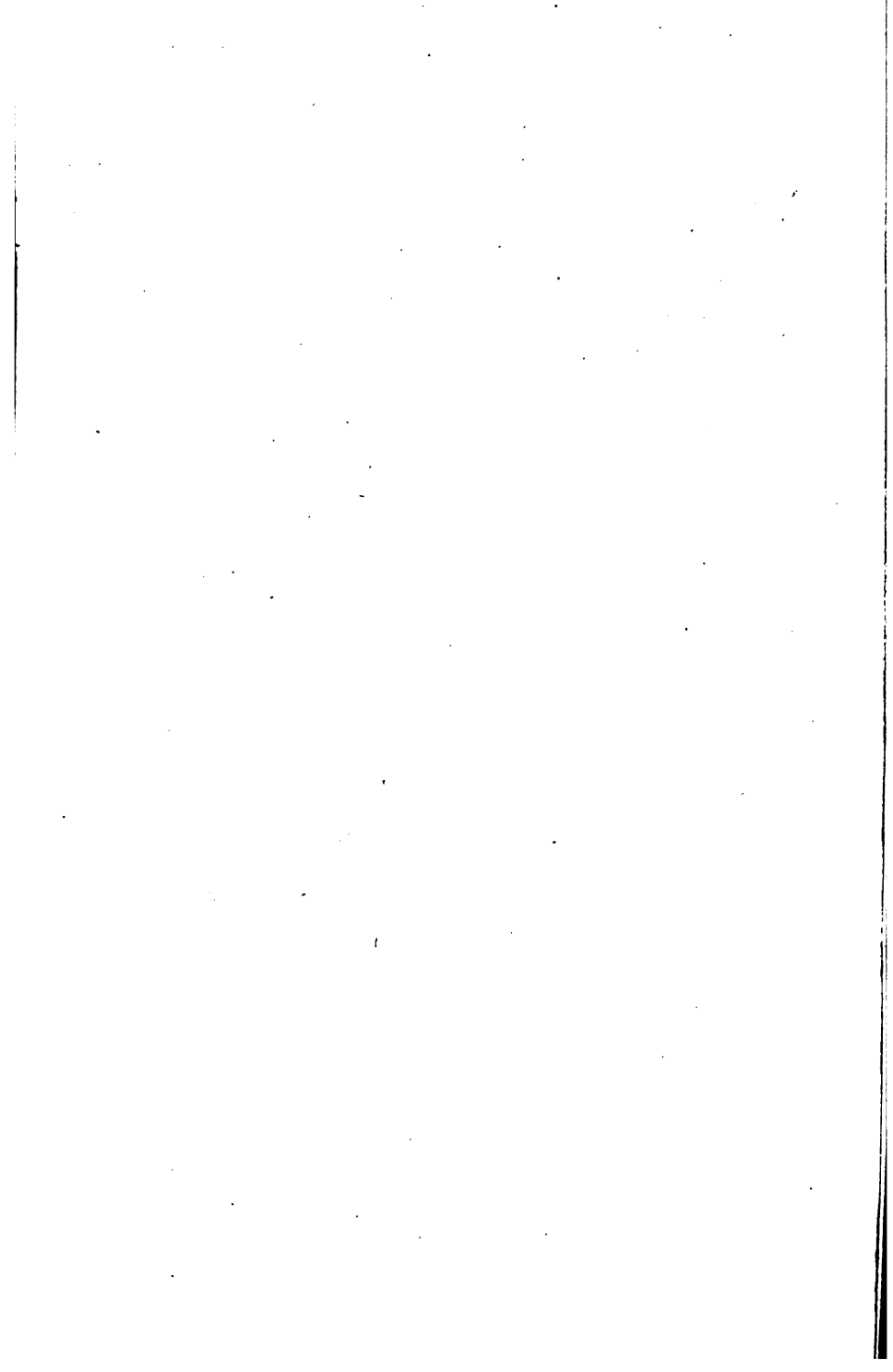


822.8

Π 269



822.8
D269





The original cast of "The Galloper" at rehearsal.

THE GALLOPER

A Play in Three Acts

By

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

Author of

"Soldiers of Fortune," "Ranson's Folly," "In the Fog,"
"Van Bibber," "Gallegher," &c.

Illustrated by PHOTOGRAPHS *of*
ACTORS *and* SCENES *in the* PLAY

New York
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
MCMIX

NEW YORK
SAMUEL FRENCH
PUBLISHER
26 WEST 22D STREET

LONDON
SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.
26 SOUTHAMPTON STREET
STRAND, LONDON

COPYRIGHT, 1906, 1909, BY

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

This play is in every way protected by the copyright law. Without the permission of the owners of the acting rights it cannot be produced either by professionals or amateurs.

Reprinted by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE GALLOPER

394503

*The CAST of THE GALLOPER as presented on January
22, 1906, at the GARDEN THEATRE, New
York, by HENRY W. SAVAGE.*

THE PERSONS IN THE PLAY

COPELAND SCHUYLER, of New York.....	Raymond Hitchcock
KIRKE WARREN, war correspondent of the <i>Republic</i>	Edgar L. Davenport
MR. HEWITT, war correspondent of <i>Collier's Weekly</i>	Harry Stone
CAPTAIN ANSTRUTHER.. { the <i>Times</i> , London }	...L. Rogers Lytton
MR. GRIGGS..... { war correspondent of { the <i>Imperialist</i> , London }Harold Vizard
BILLY ASHE, manager for the <i>Republic</i> at Athens.....	Herbert Cothell
CAPTAIN O'MALLEY..... { surgeon of the { Foreign Legion }T. Daniel Frawley
COLONEL OSTAH, Turkish Army.....	Scott Cooper
CAPTAIN MOUZAFFER, Turkish Army.....	Harry Stone
THE CROWN PRINCE OF GREECE.....	E. B. Tilton
FIRST OFFICER of the transport to Volo.....	Fred Johnstone
FIRST OFFICER of the steamer to Constantinople.....	H. White
SERGEANT.....	Alf. Hudson
BOATSWAIN.....	M. Black
CAPTAIN ZONYA, Foreign Legion.....	H. Potter
MAX, head waiter at "Angleterre".. }M. W. Rale
INNKEEPER..... }	
GRACE WHITNEY.....	Nanette Comstock
BLANCHE BAILEY.....	May Buckley
MRS. SYBIL SCHWARTZ.....	Helen Lackaye
A GREEK GIRL.....	May Helmuth

ACT I

Hotel Angleterre, Athens.

ACT II

The Wharf at the Piræus.

ACT III

An Inn near Volo, between the Greek and Turkish lines.

TIME—1897. During the Græco-Turkish War.

ACT I

This scene shows the interior of the reading room in the Hotel Angleterre at Athens. It is large, cheerful-looking, and sunny, with a high ceiling. Extending nearly across the entire width of the rear wall is a French window, which opens upon the garden of the hotel. Outside it are set plants in green tubs, and above it is stretched a striped green-and-white awning. To the reading room the principal entrance is through a wide door set well down in the left wall. It is supposed to open into the hall of the hotel. Through this door one obtains a glimpse of the hall, where steamer trunks and hatboxes are piled high upon a black-and-white tiled floor. In the right wall there is another door, also well down on the stage. It is supposed to open into a corridor of the hotel. Below it against the wall are a writing desk and chair. A similar writing desk is placed against the rear wall between the right wall and the French window. On the left of the stage, end-on to the audience, is a long library table over which is spread a dark-green baize cloth. On top of it are ranged periodicals and the illustrated papers of different countries. Chairs of bent wood are ranged around this table, one being placed at each side of the lower end. Of these two, the chair to the left of the table is not farther from the left door than five feet. The walls of the room are colored a light, cool gray in distemper, with a black oak wainscot about four feet high. On the walls are hung photographs of the Acropolis and of

THE GALLOPER

classic Greek statues. On the black frames holding these photographs appear the names of shopkeepers in Greek letters of gilt. The floor is covered with a gray crash. The back drop, seen through the French window, shows the garden of the hotel, beyond that the trees of a public park, and high in the air the Acropolis. The light is that of a bright morning in May.

Before the curtain rises one hears a drum-and-fife corps playing a lively march, and the sound of people cheering. This comes from the rear and to the left, and continues after the curtain is up, dying away gradually as though the band, and the regiment with it, had passed the hotel and continued on up the street.

ANSTRUTHER is discovered seated on the lower right-end corner of the table, with his right foot resting on the chair at that corner. He is reading the Paris "New York Herald" and smoking a cigarette. He is a young man of good manner and soldierly appearance. He wears gray whipcord riding breeches, tan riding boots, and Norfolk jacket of rough tweed. His slouch hat, with a white puggaree wrapped around it, lies on the table beside him. GRIGGS stands at the edge of the French window looking off left. In his hand he holds a notebook in which he takes notes. He is supposed to be watching the soldiers who are passing. He is a pompous little man of about forty with eyeglasses. He wears a khaki uniform similar to that of an officer of the British army, with the difference that the buttons are of bone. His left chest is covered with the ribbons of war medals. HEWITT, a young man with a pointed beard and mustache, stands to the left of GRIGGS, also looking off left. He wears a khaki coat made like a Norfolk jacket, khaki riding breeches, and canvas United

THE GALLOPER

States Army leggings and tan shoes. On the table are his slouch hat and the khaki-colored helmet of GRIGGS.

CAPTAIN O'MALLEY *enters right. He is a dashing young Irishman, in the uniform of an officer of the Greek Army. He halts to right of ANSTRUTHER and salutes.*

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Pardon, I am Captain O'Malley of the Foreign Legion. Am I addressing one of the foreign war correspondents?

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Yes.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(Showing him a visiting card.) Pardon, is this your card?

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

(Reading card.) "Mr. Kirke Warren." No.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Do you know if Mr. Warren is in this hotel?

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

I couldn't tell you. We arrived in Athens only last night.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(Saluting and moving off left.) I thank you. *(He exits left.)*

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

You're welcome! *(Returns to reading paper. HEWITT comes down.)*

HEWITT.

I say, if Kirke Warren isn't at the front yet, we're not so late.

THE GALLOPER

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Who's Kirke Warren?

HEWITT.

(*Amazed.*) Who's Kirke Warren!

GRIGGS.

(*Coming down left of table.*) Wish I'd asked that officer which regiment it was that just passed the hotel. Had red facings with leather helmets.

HEWITT.

That would be an Albanian regiment.

GRIGGS.

Thank you. (*Writes in notebook.*) "Albanian regiment—departing for the front." I can make a few lines of that.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Albanians, nonsense! Albanians are the chaps that wear those white starched petticoats. I am always *sure* of *them*, because they look like the Barrison Sisters.

HEWITT.

(*To GRIGGS.*) Pardon me, did you say leather helmets? That was an *Evzone* regiment from Arta. Infantry.

GRIGGS.

Thank you. (*Reads as he again writes in his notebook.*) "*Evzones* departing for the front. Infantry."

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Infantry! They were cavalry, Governor, dismounted. Use your eyes, man!

THE GALLOPER

GRIGGS.

Use my eyes! Confound it! sir, I beg to remind you that I—though I say it myself—am the dean of the Corps of Correspondents. I have taken part in ten wars, eight revolutions, and six coronations. Throughout Great Britain and her colonies I am known as—"The War Eagle."

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

(*Looking off into hall left.*) Well, we'll leave it to Mr. Ashe, that American. He'll know! He seems to be running this war.

GRIGGS.

I think I ought to know a cavalry regiment when I see one.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

You ought to, Governor, but you don't. (ASHE *enters hurriedly left. He is a big, smooth-faced, powerful-looking young man. He wears a blue serge suit, carries a straw hat under his arm, and has his hands filled with cablegrams, letters, and rolled-up newspapers.*) Mr. Ashe!

ASHE.

(*Gloomily, and with a growl.*) Hello! Morning!

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

To decide a wager—what regiment was that just passed the hotel?

ASHE.

What *regiment*? That was the Athens Fire Department. Gee! I'm glad I'm only a plain reporter and not a war correspondent. (*Crosses to the writing table lower right and puts his mail on it.*)

HEWITT.

Are we keeping you from your breakfast, Mr. Ashe?

THE GALLOPER

ASHE.

(Turning sharply.) I can be just as disagreeable *after* breakfast as I can *before*, Mr. Hewitt.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

(Smiling good naturedly.) To us?

ASHE.

Especially to you! Here are you fellows all leaving in an hour for the firing line, and I can't get a man within a hundred miles of it. *Three months ago* I cabled the *Republic* for five correspondents, and they sent me five reporters who had never been farther from Park Row than the Battery; not one of them in his life had ever used a wire except to telephone to Shanley's for a table. But as soon as they reached Athens they put on revolvers and khaki yachting caps and called themselves war correspondents. And then they lost themselves in those mountains, and they haven't found the Greek army and the whole Greek army can't find them. No wonder I'm disagreeable.

HEWITT.

What's the matter with your "star" man, the great Kirke Warren, that you advertised all over America?

ASHE.

(Hotly.) Kirke Warren doesn't need any advertising. He's the greatest war correspondent since Julius Cæsar. Everyone has heard of him!

GRIGGS.

Well, *I* never heard of him. Is he in this war?

ASHE.

(Scornfully.) Is he in it? He caused it! It's his own private war. If he hadn't led the Cretans against the

THE GALLOPER

Turks last winter there wouldn't have been a war. It's very civil of Kirke to let you fellows even look at it.

HEWITT.

Oh, tell that to your readers!

ASHE.

I have. Our readers are so well trained that they believe the Sultan and the King of Greece wouldn't declare war until Kirke Warren promised to report it. (*Confidentially.*) And now that he's here, I can't get him out of Athens! I take photographs of him in khaki uniform in that garden, and send them to the paper marked "Kirke Warren in the trenches," "Kirke Warren at the front." The only front *he's* seen is the front of this hotel.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Oh! that must be the man the proprietor was gossiping about last night.

ASHE.

What'd he say?

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Said he was playing Anthony to some Cleopatra.

ASHE.

That's the man! That woman has made him lose two weeks' fighting.

GRIGGS.

(*Importantly.*) The proprietor said the lady in question is a princess—from Russia.

ASHE.

Well, a long way from Russia. Her *name* may come from Russia, but the rest of her came from Long Acre

THE GALLOPER

Square. (*Explosively.*) But it ends to-day! If Kirke doesn't leave with you fellows this morning, to-morrow he'll head the list of killed and wounded. (*Contemptuously.*) And that's the man the Cretans wanted to make President of Crete.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Do the *Cretans* know they wanted to do that?

HEWITT.

Of course they do! He told them so himself.

ASHE.

What!

HEWITT.

He told everyone else.

ASHE.

That's right! All the brass knockers aren't broken on our street. You war correspondents are as jealous as a bunch of prima donnas. Kirke Warren makes more *money* than all of you, and his *expense bills* would pay the national debt.

GRIGGS.

Oh, pardon me, sir, pardon me! *I* hold the record for the largest expense bill. I'm the *only* correspondent who goes to war with five servants and thirty-two pieces of luggage.

ASHE.

Thirty-two!

GRIGGS.

On this campaign I'm travelling with only thirty. My rascally valet lost two of my boxes. (*Consults sketchbook.*) Numbers twenty-eight and fourteen! You see my system—I number my boxes and keep a list of their contents. Now, number twenty-eight contained (*reads*)

THE GALLOPER

"Two dozen jars of marmalade." All gone! (*Reads.*) "Number fourteen—tin bath tub." You see the advantage of my system. Without this (*raising book*) I might have gone through the *entire war* and not have known that I had lost my bath tub. (*Moves to door left.*) Which reminds me, we must bring our luggage down the lift. Are you coming, Mr. Hewitt? (*HEWITT follows him to door.*) As for Mr. Kirke Warren; Mr. Kirke Warren may be a very nice fellow, but has *he* ever seen six coronations? No! *I* have. I, gentlemen, have helped to place the crown upon the head of six kings—four savage and two tame. (*Turns to leave room. O'MALLEY enters left.*)

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(*To GRIGGS.*) Pardon me, sir, I take it you are a war correspondent.

GRIGGS.

I certainly am.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Is that your card?

GRIGGS.

(*Reading card.*) "Mr. Kirke Warren." No! I never heard of the man, never heard of him! (*Exits angrily, followed by HEWITT. O'MALLEY crosses to ASHE.*)

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Are *you* a war correspondent?

ASHE.

No, *I'm* just a plain newspaper man.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Oh! then, might this be your card?

ASHE.

(*Reads.*) "Mr. Kirke Warren." No!

THE GALLOPER

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

I thank you. (*Crosses to door right.*)

ASHE.

May I ask what you want with Kirke Warren?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

You may not. (*Exit, right.*)

ASHE.

Thank you! (*Laughing, to CAPTAIN ANSTRUTHER.*)
What is he, a bell boy? (*Imitates bell boy at Waldorf-Astoria.*) "Card for Mr. Warren! Card for Mr. Warren! Room 47! Room 47!" (*Bell rings loudly off left.*)

VOICE.

(*Off left.*) "Joseph! Joseph! Max! Max! porter! porter!"

MAX.

(*Off left.*) Coming, sir! Coming!

ASHE.

Ah! There's the hotel bus back from the Piræus with the steamer passengers.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

What steamer?

ASHE.

From New York. Brings the American mails, and I hope to Heaven it brings the females, too. I haven't seen a girl from home for three months. (*He crosses with CAPTAIN ANSTRUTHER, and they stand in doorway left, looking into the hall. There is the noise of moving trunks and the following voices are heard.*)

THE GALLOPER

VOICES.

But I wrote four weeks ago for the rooms!
Quite right, sir, quite right!
All my trunks are at the custom house!
I said, two bedrooms and sitting room!
In one moment, sir, in one moment!

BLANCHE.

(*Off left.*) I have *fourteen* trunks and *five* dress-suit cases!

ASHE.

That sounds like home! There are *two* girls from America, anyway.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

She knows you!

ASHE.

(*Retreating.*) Heavens. Who is she? Quick!

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

(*Whispering.*) I've seen her face somewhere.

ASHE.

(*Smiling idiotically off, in a whisper.*) But what's her name? (BLANCHE BAILEY enters left, with outstretched hands. She is an attractive, dashing-looking woman of the adventuress type. She speaks with great self-reliance and vivacity. Under her arm she has a roll of one-sheet posters.)

BLANCHE.

(*To ASHE.*) How do you do? Think of meeting you way out here! (*Reproachfully.*) You *don't* remember me.

ASHE.

Oh, yes! only I can't just——

THE GALLOPER

BLANCHE.

Don't you remember me when I was at Koster & Bial's? You interviewed me—that time I committed suicide.

ASHE.

I did! I mean, did you? You don't look it.

BLANCHE.

Oh, it was the press agent's idea! There was nothing in it for me. But you wrote such a beautiful piece about me lying on the floor with the gas stove turned on, and Marié, my maid, finding me. (*Confidentially.*) You know, I'd never had a maid up till then, but it sounded so dead swell I went right out and got one. I've got her yet. Hannah. She's not French, she's a black-face act. She wears that color that won't come off. Does your gentleman friend write for a newspaper?

ASHE.

No. He writes for the London *Times*.

BLANCHE.

(*Smiling upon* CAPTAIN ANSTRUTHER.) From London? Well, *you* remember me, surely. At the Alhambra?

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

I remember your face perfectly, Miss——

BLANCHE.

Oh, my! You make me feel far from home. When two newspaper boys don't know little Blanche, she's sure camping out. Now think! Last season on the Casino roof—I worked with eight pickaninnies. (*Sings and dances.*)

"She is my Honolulu lady
She's my baby"

THE GALLOPER

(*ASHE and CAPTAIN ANSTRUTHER apparently recognize her by the dancing.*)

ASHE.

(*To CAPTAIN ANSTRUTHER.*) Blanche Bailey! She's Blanche Bailey!

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Of course! You're Blanche Bailey!

BLANCHE.

Of course I am! (*Shakes hands.*) How are you? Well, that's better. (*To ASHE.*) Now that you know me so well, will you do me a favor?

ASHE.

Anyone who can get me back as quick as that to little old New York can have half my fortune. How much, Miss Bailey? (*Puts his hand in the pocket of his coat.*)

BLANCHE.

No. What I wanted from you is a *newspaper* story, like that suicide. I want you to *cab* it.

ASHE.

That's not so easy.

BLANCHE.

But it's a *great* story! You know I open here at the Royal Music Hall next Monday——

ASHE.

(*Delightedly.*) No, do you?

BLANCHE.

(*Indignantly.*) Do I? Now, that's just what I told them. What's the use of handbills if you print them in

THE GALLOPER

dead languages. (*Unrolls the handbills, which are printed in Greek.*) Look at that! That says I open here at the Royal Music Hall on the 15th of May. You wouldn't think so to look at it, would you? Same way in Constantinople. I got three interviews there. Elegant! But no one could read 'em. Printed in Arabic. I sent them home to the *Telegraph* and they charged me space rates—thought they were advertisements for a Turkish cigarette. (*Throws roll of playbills on table.*) That's why I want *this* story written in plain American. (*She draws the men familiarly toward right of stage.*) I got the idea from a girl I came over with on this steamer from Egypt. Her father lived here. He used to dig up buried cities. He was an architect—archi—

ASHE.

Archeologist?

BLANCHE.

That's what he was! Anyway, it killed him. And she went back to America and turned trained nurse for a living. Now she's volunteered for the Red Cross. You know there's a war out here.

ASHE.

(*Dryly.*) Yes, I've heard of it.

BLANCHE.

With the Turks. Those that wear the red fezes, like Mystic Shriners on a benefit night.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

I understand.

BLANCHE.

Well, my story is that little Blanche's father was a volunteer in the *last* Greek war—I come out here to act, my heart bleeds for the Greek soldiers, and I volunteer as a

THE GALLOPER

Red Cross nurse—I go to the front—get wounded— (*Holds her arm as though it were in a sling.*) Come back by Monday night—and open to two hundred million dollars.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

I see. *Was* your father a volunteer?

BLANCHE.

Sure! He ran with Jim Morrissey's machine. The Big Eight.

ASHE.

How have you arranged to get wounded?

BLANCHE.

Same way I committed suicide. *You'll* attend to that. Now, then, lead me to the place where you volunteer.

ASHE.

Anstruther, take Miss Bailey to General Damaros at the War Department. (*To BLANCHE.*) You know they have so few nurses and so many wounded that he *may* take you up.

BLANCHE.

That's all right! I'll be there only two days before I get wounded myself. Meanwhile, you keep the people here hungry for my new act.

ASHE.

Which? "She is My Honolulu Lady?"

BLANCHE.

No, no! I walk on the ceiling now, and do a fire dance on the stage. I wear two hundred yards of liberty silk, and they turn five cinematographs on me. Oh, it's great! It makes Loie Fuller's act look like a smoky kerosene lamp, and it's all protected. There's a *patent* on it.

THE GALLOPER

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

That's good! You *sure* it's patented?

BLANCHE.

Sure? I ought to *know*. The man who owns the patent is suing me for stealing it. (*The two men close in and talk to her in dumb show as MAX, a German waiter, enters left, escorting GRACE WHITNEY. GRACE is a distinguished-looking American girl. She wears a simple travelling dress, and carries a small hand bag.*)

MAX.

Will you come this way, lady, please. Please sit down. I find you a room in just a minute. (*GRACE seats herself in the chair at the lower left corner of the table. She shows that she recognizes BLANCHE, and then picks up a newspaper from the table. MAX crosses to ASHE.*) Oh, Mr. Ashe, excuse me! (*Hands him a letter.*) A note from Mr. Warren. (*ASHE takes the letter.*) Thank you.

ASHE.

Here, don't go away! May be an answer! (*Begins to tear open letter.*)

BLANCHE.

(*Having heard the name "Mr. Warren."*) Mr. Warren! That reminds me. Where is Mr. Kirke Warren, the war correspondent, these days?

ASHE.

Kirke Warren? (*Points up.*)

BLANCHE.

(*Startled.*) Dead!

ASHE.

Upstairs.

THE GALLOPER

BLANCHE.

(*Excitedly.*) Kirke Warren is upstairs in this hotel?

ASHE.

Yes; do you know him?

BLANCHE.

I am suing him for two thousand dollars! (*Vindictively.*) And I'll get it, too! How long will he be in Athens?

ASHE.

Well, not very long, if I can help it. I am sending him to the front in an hour—to Volo.

BLANCHE.

Volo? Is there fighting at Volo?

ASHE.

Big fighting.

BLANCHE.

Then they'll need Red Cross nurses.

ASHE.

(*Uneasily.*) They may. (*Crosses to writing desk and picks up mail.*)

BLANCHE.

Thank you. Good-by. (*She takes ANSTRUTHER by the sleeve and starts up centre.*) Tell this General—what's-his-name—to send me to Volo—don't forget—to Volo. (*They exit centre.*)

MAX.

Mr. Ashe?

ASHE.

Yes.

THE GALLOPER

MAX.

Excuse me, is Mr. Warren and the high gebornen princessen leaving the rooms to-day?

ASHE.

I don't know about the high-born princessen, but *Mr. Warren* is leaving *his* room to-day.

MAX.

Yes? Yes, but please so many times he says he goes, you think to-day he leaves his room?

ASHE.

I can't say whether he will leave his room alive or dead, but the room will be vacant!

MAX.

Thank you. (*Turns to GRACE.*) You wait, please!

GRACE.

(*In a low voice.*) Is that gentleman Mr. Ashe?

MAX.

Yes, lady, Mr. Ashe. (*Calls to ASHE.*) Mr. Ashe, please!

GRACE.

No, no!

ASHE.

Yes?

MAX.

No, no! the lady does not want to speak to you. (*Exit left.*)

ASHE.

I beg your pardon?

THE GALLOPER

GRACE.

I beg *your* pardon. I asked the waiter if you were Mr. Ashe, the manager of the *Daily Republic*.

ASHE.

Yes.

GRACE.

I have a letter for you from Mrs. Corbin—Senator Corbin.

ASHE.

Oh, indeed!

GRACE.

Mrs. Corbin said I was to give it to you if I got into trouble.

ASHE.

Have you?

GRACE.

I haven't had time yet. I've just arrived.

ASHE.

Well, if you're looking for trouble you've come to the right place. Aren't you afraid of a war?

GRACE.

No, it's on account of the war I came. I'm Miss Whitney. I'm a trained nurse from Johns Hopkins, and I came here to join the Red Cross.

ASHE.

By jove! (*Eagerly.*) Would you mind putting on your nursing uniform while I go hire a soldier? We'll lay him out at the foot of that wall (*nods toward the garden*) and I'll photograph you putting bandages on him.

GRACE.

Oh, no!

THE GALLOPER

ASHE.

Oh, please! We'll call it, "Miss Whitney, the brave American girl"—"society girl"—"the brave American society queen"—Are you a society queen?

GRACE.

Indeed, no!

ASHE.

Well, you are now— "Brave American society queen, nursing a Greek soldier beneath the ramparts of Domokos."

GRACE.

That wall doesn't look like the ramparts of Domokos to me.

ASHE.

Not to you, perhaps, but to our readers—yes. That's the only wall of Domokos they've seen in three months. Isn't there any other American on your steamer I could interview?

GRACE.

None except Miss Bailey—and you've seen her.

ASHE.

No. She is not well known enough. She is not very *high up*.

GRACE.

Isn't she? She told me she walked on the *ceiling*. And at the ship's concert she danced rag time with a man—who said he was a friend of yours.

ASHE.

A friend of mine! Danced rag time for the benefit of sailors' orphans? Never! What does he call himself—out here?

THE GALLOPER

GRACE.

Copeland Schuyler.

ASHE.

Cope Schuyler! On board your steamer? Is Cope Schuyler in Athens?

GRACE.

Yes.

ASHE.

(*Enthusiastically.*) That's great! That's as good as being back on Broadway! But I thought Cope was going to India for tiger shooting, or polo, or——

GRACE.

Yes, I think when he left New York he was, but he changed his plans.

ASHE.

Changed his plans right in mid ocean. That's just like Cope. I suppose it was the war that attracted him here?

GRACE.

(*Dryly.*) I suppose so.

ASHE.

Cope cares for only one thing in this world—that's excitement.

GRACE.

Oh, really?

ASHE.

Yes, I know Cope well. How long have you known him?

GRACE.

I don't know him at all. I only met him on the steamer.
(GRACE moves to door as MAX enters.)

THE GALLOPER

MAX.

Excuse, please, your room is ready.

GRACE.

(Turns to take hand bag from table.) Thank you.

MAX.

(To ASHE.) Oh, Mr. Ashe! Mr. Warren is downstairs now. He is waiting for you.

ASHE.

He is! Good! *(Starts left.)* Wait! *(In a whisper.)* Is the Princess with him?

MAX.

Yes.

ASHE.

Then ask him to come here, *alone*—you understand?

MAX.

Yes, Mr. Ashe. *(Exit left.)*

GRACE.

Well, good-by.

ASHE.

Good-by, I'll see you soon again.

GRACE.

No, I think not. I'm ordered to leave in an hour on this transport—for Volo.

ASHE.

Oh, then I'll meet you at the wharf! Our "star" war correspondent is going on your boat—Kirke Warren.

GRACE.

(With great animation.) Kirke Warren! Oh, there's a man I admire!

THE GALLOPER

ASHE.

Do you know him?

GRACE.

I know his work.

ASHE.

Yes, Kirke's a good worker.

GRACE.

I'd like to meet him.

ASHE.

(*Doubtfully.*) Well, I'll present him; if I didn't, he'd do it himself. I suppose Cope knows that this is the right hotel.

GRACE.

Yes, but I think Mr. Schuyler said he was first going to the War Office. He is trying to get a permit for Volo on this transport.

ASHE.

To the front! On this transport! Why?

GRACE.

(*Embarrassed.*) I can't imagine! Good-by. (*Exit left.*)

ASHE.

Good-by. (*For a moment ASHE stands, puzzled, looking after her. Then he starts, and slaps his fist into the palm of his hand. Explosively.*) There's a story for you! (*He calls left.*) Kirke! I say, Kirke! (*KIRKE WARREN enters left. He is an extremely handsome, dashing type of young man, languid and conceited. In contrast to the earnestness and excitement of ASHE, his manner is unmoved. He wears a travelling suit of gray tweed and a gray Alpine hat with a black band. In one hand he carries a brown canvas hold-all on which is painted, in white letters, "Kirke Warren*

THE GALLOPER

—*Daily Republic, U. S. A.*” In the other he carries two well-worn saddlebags, a kodak camera case, a canteen, and a riding whip. Round his shoulder he wears a field glass. As ASHE speaks to him he lowers these things to the floor in front of the table.) I say, Kirke, do you see that girl? (KIRKE looks off left and nods. ASHE counts on his fingers.) L-O-V-E A-N-D W-A-R. Eleven letters. “Love and War.” That just makes a two-column scare head. And the turn line is, “Miss Whitney, a Red Cross nurse, engaged to New York’s millionaire bachelor, Copeland Schuyler. They met at the front! On a hospital ship!” I’ll photograph ’em together on the transport and call it a hospital ship. And *you’ll* write the story, full of heart interest. What?

WARREN.

(*Unmoved.*) No, I will not write that story.

ASHE.

(*Explosively.*) Let me tell you, New York would rather read about a trained nurse marrying a millionaire, than all your prose poems about shrieking shrapnel.

WARREN.

That may be, but I’m not writing society items. Where’s the money?

ASHE.

I gave you the money last night.

WARREN.

Oh, that money! Yes. But the money I asked for in that note. (*Points at letter which ASHE is holding.*)

ASHE.

Oh, this note! I haven’t read it.

THE GALLOPER

WARREN.

Haven't read it? Heavens! Haven't you got a substitute yet?

ASHE.

A substitute! What for?

WARREN.

For *me*! I'm going away.

ASHE.

(*Violently.*) You bet you're going away! You're going to Volo in an hour!

WARREN.

Oh, my boy! I *thought* you were mighty cool about it. I can't go to Volo. Read this cable. It's three weeks old. Missent. Got it only an hour ago. (*Hands cablegram.*)

ASHE.

(*Reading.*) "Have missed my darling terribly." What's this!

WARREN.

Read it.

ASHE.

(*Reading.*) "Have volunteered as Red Cross nurse. Will join you in the field. Sybil." Sybil! Who is this woman?

WARREN.

Don't you call the lady I am engaged to marry a "woman."

ASHE.

Engaged! I thought *you* were married.

WARREN.

I was married. *Now* I'm divorced. And if Mrs.

THE GALLOPER

Schwartz thinks I'm in any hurry to be married to her—or to anybody else—she's mighty mistaken.

ASHE.

Mrs. Schwartz?

WARREN.

Yes, Sybil; she's a widow. *You know*, widow of Schwartz, the brewer. He left her two breweries and a department store in Newark. And I promised her if she'd only let me go to this war, I'd marry and settle down—in *Newark!* And now she's coming out here as a Red Cross nurse to spoil my last few days of freedom. That woman never trusted me, Billy. She never trusted me.

ASHE.

But, *she* can't interfere with you. *She'll* be in Athens and *you'll* be at the front.

WARREN.

Can't you read? She says she's going to join me at the front. And she'll do it, too! You don't *know* Sybil. Idea of a woman volunteering as a Red Cross nurse in order to *spy* upon the man she loves. There's *another* abuse of the Red Cross flag. I won't stand it. I'm off to Constantinople.

ASHE.

(*Angrily.*) You are going to Volo on that transport.

WARREN.

Billy! Do you suppose I'll walk around the field of battle with Sybil tagging at my heels, telling me to keep away from the bullets, wanting to know if I've changed my wet socks? Did you ever see a *war correspondent* with a nurse? *Both* Sybil and my first wife delight in making me ridiculous. Did you know my first wife?

THE GALLOPER

ASHE.

(*Angrily.*) No, I did not! Listen to me——

WARREN.

(*Interrupting.*) After she got her divorce, she went back to vaudeville and walked on the ceiling. Just to spite me, she billed herself as "Mrs. Kirke Warren, the Human Fly." She can't fly any more than I can. She called *me* the Human Spider. Of course that was easy. But it made the jury laugh. In the divorce court she recited, "Will you walk into my parlor, said the spider to the fly." Just like her! She always was amusing! Did you ever hear her story of me and the elevator shaft?

ASHE.

No! Look here! We're paying you five hundred dollars a week to write war clouds. Thirty-five newspapers have bought your letters. *Are* you going to write them, or are you not?

WARREN.

Of course I am, Billy! *That's* why I'm going to *Constantinople*—to join the *Turkish* army.

ASHE.

(*With relief.*) Oh!

WARREN.

The *Turks* won't allow a Red Cross nurse at the front. I can feel safe with them.

ASHE.

But it will be two weeks before you can reach the Turkish lines. We ought to have a cable from you from *Volo* twice a day.

WARREN.

Well, that's what I said in my note. Get a substitute.

THE GALLOPER

Send a man to Volo and let him sign my name until I can get around to the other army.

ASHE.

(*Eagerly.*) Will you let us do that?

WARREN.

Certainly, it's only for two weeks.

ASHE.

By Jove! And I've got the very man! An old pal of mine, so he won't tell on us. (*Enter MAX right.*)

MAX.

Mr. Ashe! Mr. Ashe!

ASHE.

Go way! (*To WARREN.*) And he wants to go to Volo, too.

MAX.

But Mr. Ashe.

ASHE.

What?

MAX.

There is a crazy American gentleman says if I don't find you quick, he will kill me. (*Points off left.*) Please go tell him that I have found you.

ASHE.

What's he want?

MAX.

He wants to go to Volo in twenty minutes. I told him nobody could go to Volo in twenty minutes. It is two days to——

ASHE.

That's my man! That's Copeland Schuyler! Bring him here quick.

THE GALLOPER

MAX.

But no one can go to Volo in twenty minutes.

ASHE.

Get out! (MAX *exit*.) Now, give me your correspondent's pass. (WARREN *hands him a large blue envelope*.) Thanks! And you must leave these things for him, too. (*Kicks saddlebags with foot*.) Understand, now, he goes as Kirke Warren.

WARREN.

What do you *mean*? Not as *myself*?

ASHE.

Yes.

WARREN.

(*Indignantly*.) Oh, no! Why?

ASHE.

Because if he *doesn't*, he can't go. It's utterly impossible for me to get another pass. I've three more now than I'm entitled to. Either he goes *as you*, on this pass, or *you've got* to go—Sybil or no Sybil!

WARREN.

But they'll know he's not Kirke Warren. *Everybody* has seen me at Athens.

ASHE.

Yes, but no one has seen you at the *front*! Do you want thirty-five newspapers down on you? Do you want to lose five hundred dollars a week?

WARREN.

No; but, Billy, I have a slight reputation to lose, too,

THE GALLOPER

you know. This fellow may sign checks and borrow money.

ASHE.

Not a bit like it.

WARREN.

Well, he may be a coward and run away—in my clothes! He may be found with *my* pass on him, dead. *And shot in the back!*

ASHE.

Not this man! It's the only way, Kirke. Either he goes to Volo as you, or you go.

WARREN.

Well, I won't, so I suppose he *must*. But (*impressively*) if he plays any tricks with my reputation, I'll sue the paper for damages.

ASHE.

Don't you talk about suing for damages. You take my advice and get on board your ship. There was a girl here not five minutes ago who's suing *you* for two thousand dollars.

WARREN.

Suing me! Nonsense! Who? .

ASHE.

Oh, a vaudeville actress named Blanche Bailey!

WARREN.

(*Terrified.*) Blanche! Blanche here in Athens? Say, are you joking? I don't believe you. (ASHE picks up the billposter which BLANCHE BAILEY has thrown upon table and holds it out.)

ASHE.

You don't believe me? Read that!

THE GALLOPER

WARREN.

I can't read it. Neither can you.

ASHE.

Yes, I can. (*Reads.*) "Royal Music Hall, Monday Night, May 13th. The 'Fire Dancer,' Miss Blanche Bailey." (*Throws poster back on table.*) Now, you be careful she doesn't catch sight of you at the wharf. Her transport's leaving for Volo the same time your steamer starts for Constantinople.

WARREN.

Why is *she* going to Volo?

ASHE.

Oh! some press agent's idea; advertising herself as a nurse.

WARREN.

(*Struggling to conceal his amusement.*) Tell me, Billy, is—is—is this young man who is to pretend he is Kirke Warren going to Volo on the same boat with this Miss Bailey?

ASHE.

He is, if I can make him.

WARREN.

(*Beginning to laugh.*) That's right, you make him! (*Laughs.*) You make him go!

ASHE.

What's the matter with you?

WARREN.

(*Hysterically.*) You see you make him go!

THE GALLOPER

ASHE.

You bet I'll make him go!

WARREN.

You see—he goes— Oh! Ha, ha! Ha, ha! (*Runs off, still laughing.*)

ASHE.

Here, come back! What's the matter with you?
(*COPE's voice is heard off left.*)

COPE.

Can't you understand English? Billy Ashe! Isn't that plain enough? Billy Ashe!

ASHE.

Cope! (*Turns left and calls.*) Cope! Here I am, Cope!
(*COPE appears at centre pursuing MAX, who crosses at back; COPE comes down. He is a smart, alert young man, of the type known as the New York club man. He is dressed in a summer morning suit of tweed, with a gray felt hat with a white puggaree. He seizes both of ASHE's hands and shakes them violently.*)

COPE.

Billy, old man, I haven't a minute to explain, but you are the only man who can help me. I've *seen* the American minister, I've seen two members of the Cabinet, and I'd have seen the King himself if the sentries hadn't seen me first, when I was getting over the wall. *Billy, I have got to go to Volo!*

ASHE.

You bet you've got to go to Volo!

COPE.

But I mean now—to-day.

[168]





Mr. Hitchcock as "The Galloper."





THE GALLOPER

ASHE.

I mean in an hour. Look here! Kirke Warren, our "star" war correspondent, can't get to Volo for two weeks. We're advertising all over America that he's *there*. I've got to have a man at Volo to represent him. Will you for my sake—just for two weeks—go to Volo and pretend that you are Kirke Warren?

COPE.

If you could get me to Volo, I'd pretend I was Jack-the-Ripper. But you can't do it.

ASHE.

(*Taking papers out of blue envelope.*) There's your permit! There's your passport! (*Points to WARREN's field kit.*) There's your luggage!

COPE.

(*With delight.*) Billy!

ASHE.

All those things belong to Kirke Warren. They're all marked with his name. Now from this moment on, if anyone asks you who you are (*slaps him on shoulder*), tell him you are Kirke Warren, war correspondent of the *Daily Republic*.

COPE.

(*Delightedly reading passport.*) Billy, you've saved my life! Billy, I'm no palm reader, but I see trouble ahead for Kirke Warren. A smooth-faced man has crossed his path.

ASHE.

(*Looking nervously off left.*) Oh! I wouldn't worry about *him*—he gets five hundred dollars a week for this.

THE GALLOPER

COPE.

And I get five years, I suppose. Heavens! I can't do it! It's impossible! (*Hands the blue envelope to ASHE.*)

ASHE.

No, no; you must.

COPE.

It's impossible! Billy, I want you to congratulate me. I'm engaged to be married—to Miss Whitney, of New York. (*He holds out his hand. ASHE shakes it hurriedly.*)

ASHE.

Why, Cope, I do congratulate you, old man. I do. But what's that got to do with your not going to Volo?

COPE.

Everything! *She's* going to Volo. That's why I want to go there. Did you suppose anything else would take me within a hundred miles of the firing line? I can't tell *her* I'm Kirke Warren.

ASHE.

How long has she known you?

COPE.

Ten days.

ASHE.

Well, you can't have told her everything about yourself in ten days. How long has she been engaged to you?

COPE.

She's not engaged to me.

ASHE.

You said——

THE GALLOPER

COPE.

I said I was engaged to *her*. Miss Whitney is the only woman in this world that I'll every marry, and I think that gives me some right to say that I'm engaged to her. But she's not engaged to me.

ASHE.

She might be if you were Kirke Warren—she thinks a lot of *him*.

COPE.

How do you know she does?

ASHE.

She told me so herself not five minutes ago. She asked me to introduce him. Now, instead, I'll introduce you——

COPE.

Introduce me! She knows *me*! I'm engaged to be married to her.

ASHE.

(*Eagerly.*) Introduce you as Kirke Warren. We all know you are Copeland Schuyler, but we'll tell her that your pen name is Kirke Warren; that Kirke Warren is the name you write under. That will be true. That's the name you're going to write under for the next two weeks. (*Enthusiastically.*) And think of the chance it gives you at the front. Heavens! What a chance! To have the woman you love see you facing the bullets with the shells bursting about you.

COPE.

(*After a pause.*) I don't know as I want the woman I love to see me facing the bullets. Suppose I *didn't* face 'em.

THE GALLOPER

ASHE.

Nonsense! Are you going to let that girl go to Volo alone and unprotected?

COPE.

Not if I can go as myself. But if I go as this other fellow, at the end of two weeks she'll know I'm not—Cake Walking, Kirke Walking—whatever his silly name is.

ASHE.

Yes, but in those two weeks she will have seen just what sort of a man you are!

COPE.

That's exactly what I'm afraid of! (O'MALLEY enters left.)

ASHE.

Well, if you want to be near her, that's your only chance (*Takes envelope away from COPE. COPE stands uncertainly regarding it.*)

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(*Saluting COPE.*) Pardon, are you one of the foreign war correspondents?

COPE.

(*Still regarding the blue envelope. Then with sudden determination.*) Yes, I am!

ASHE.

(*In a low voice.*) Good work, old man! You'll never regret it.

COPE.

(*Mournfully.*) She'll never forgive me.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Is that your card?

THE GALLOPER

COPE.

(*Without looking at card.*) No! (*Turns from ASHE and glances at card.*) Yes! that's my card— (*In a whisper to ASHE.*) "Kirke Warren." Get under me, get under me.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(*Fiercely.*) That is your name, then?

COPE.

Of course.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(*In a tone of triumph.*) Ah! Then *you* are the person who last night so grossly insulted our Colonel?

COPE.

(*Turns slowly to ASHE.*) They're off! They're off! They've started! Billy, I'm no crystal gazer, but I can see trouble ahead for me. I must beware of a tall man with a short mustache and a long sword. (*To O'MALLEY.*) Sir, I have no recollection of having insulted your Colonel. As a matter of fact, last night I dined rather well and——

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

I know you did. You dined with us, with the Foreign Legion.

COPE.

Oh, so I did! Of course you were there, weren't you?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Certainly I was there.

COPE.

Of course you were. You sat down on *that* side of the table. But surely the dear old Colonel—the dear old Colonel—couldn't think that I meant to insult him.

THE GALLOPFR

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

But you *did* insult him. You poured a quart of burgundy into his boot.

COPE.

I did what? Billy, I ask you—I couldn't do it. How could I pour a— Does your Colonel drink out of his boots?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Certainly not! The boots were on his feet.

COPE.

Then how could I pour a—there's no boot big enough to hold a man's foot and a quart of burgundy. I don't know what did happen last night, but I'll bet that didn't happen.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

It was witnessed by every officer of the Foreign Legion. This morning none of us could exactly recall the appearance of our guest——

COPE.

No, I suppose not.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

—But we had the card you gave our Colonel, and I have been delegated to find you and *demand satisfaction*.

COPE.

(*Weakly.*) Satisfaction, nonsense! I'm an American. *We* don't believe in duelling.

ASHE.

(*Whispering.*) Yes, you do! Kirke Warren has fought *three* duels.

COPE.

(*Aside to ASHE.*) Fought three? Isn't that *enough*?

THE GALLOPER

ASHE.

No, no. Think of Warren's reputation.

COPE.

Think of my young life. Won't it do if I hit him just once.

ASHE.

Certainly not.

COPE.

(*Turning to O'MALLEY with an assumption of confidence.*) Well, as I have already fought three duels—and each time killed the other chap—not to speak of having wounded the surgeon and the cinematograph man, I have made a vow never again to take human life.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(*Sternly.*) In spite of your vow, the Foreign Legion demands satisfaction.

COPE.

(*Recklessly.*) Oh! you will have satisfaction, will you? (*Produces roll of bills, and separates them.*) How much did the boots cost?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

You are insolent! Now you have insulted *me*!

COPE.

(*Hurriedly, aside to ASHE.*) Say, can't I hit him just once?

ASHE.

No; I'm sorry you've got to fight.

COPE.

I'm just as sorry as you are, and I won't fight.

THE GALLOPER

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(*Fiercely.*) Well, what is your answer to the Foreign Legion?

COPE.

You want my answer? This is my answer. I have been a war correspondent in three wars——

ASHE.

(*Whispering.*) Six wars.

COPE.

Six wars—twelve wars—I can't remember how many wars, and when my paper orders me to go to the firing line—I go. In half an hour my duty calls me to Volo. Why the Foreign Legion is not at Volo, I don't ask. Maybe it's afraid. (O'MALLEY *laughs.*) Maybe the King doesn't send it there because he knows it would run away. (O'MALLEY *laughs contemptuously.*) But if the Legion wants to fight me, it must follow me to Volo, where the bullets come from. If you have the courage to come to Volo I'll fight your old Colonel and every officer in the Legion with sabres, pistols, or baseball bats. *That is my answer.* (*Aside to ASHE.*) I got out of that all right.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Sir, I will deliver your remarkable answer to my brother officers and at once return with their reply.

COPE.

Well, you'd better hurry. I leave Athens in an hour.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Sir, after I have delivered your answer to the Legion I doubt if you will ever leave Athens—alive. (*Exit left.*)

THE GALLOPER

COPE.

He's a cheerful chap, isn't he? Supposing he and his brother officers *should* come to Volo. (*Uneasily.*) I don't know as I want to go to Volo. (*Looks off left.*) Oh! Oh, yes I do! Yes I do! Bless her heart! Look there! (*GRACE enters in the blue-and-white uniform of a Red Cross nurse with a brassard on her arm.*)

GRACE.

Oh, how do you do?

COPE.

Miss Whitney, Sister of Mercy! I who am about to die, salute thee!

GRACE.

What *do* you mean?

COPE.

I mean I am going with you to the firing line. Ashe had all my passports waiting for me.

GRACE.

Really! Why, I understood that you thought Mr. Schuyler was going to India.

COPE.

Yes, he did—you see——

ASHE.

(*Shaking his head at COPE.*) No, I didn't.

COPE.

(*Emphatically.*) No, he *didn't*! No, in a way he didn't. You see—(*to ASHE*) go on, *you* tell her.

ASHE.

You see, I cabled him to Gibraltar asking him to act as

THE GALLOPER

our war correspondent; but he hadn't answered me, so I didn't know.

GRACE.

To act as your war correspondent. (*To COPE.*) You?

COPE.

(*Airily.*) Why, yes.

ASHE.

Doesn't Miss Whitney know who you are?

COPE.

(*Modestly.*) No.

ASHE.

Well, tell her.

COPE.

No, if I told her it would sound like boasting. *You* tell her.

ASHE.

Miss Whitney, you asked me to present to you the great war correspondent, Mr. Kirke Warren. (*He waves his hand toward COPE.*) Allow me!

GRACE.

Kirke Warren? You? (*COPE nods.*) Then why did you tell me you were Copeland Schuyler?

COPE.

I am Copeland Schuyler.

ASHE.

He is Copeland Schuyler.

COPE.

Kirke Warren is my pen name. The name I sign to my

[178]



THE GALLOPER

war news. When I write checks, I sign 'em Copeland Schuyler.

ASHE.

You had better ask him why he did *not* tell you he was Kirke Warren— (*Mysteriously lowering his voice.*) Ask him *that!*

COPE.

(*With even greater mystery.*) Yes, ask me that. (*Suddenly.*) No, don't ask *me*, ask him!

ASHE.

You see, last year Mr. Warren led the Cretans against the Turks, and the Turks hate him. And your ship was full of officers who wanted to do him harm.

GRACE.

Oh!

ASHE.

So, on the ship he did not announce he was Kirke Warren because he was afraid of these Turkish spies.

COPE.

(*Briskly.*) I was afraid of the pies, because they were poisoned.

ASHE.

Not pies. *Spies*, I said. Turkish spies.

COPE.

Oh! I thought you said pies. It seemed strange, because I am not afraid of any kind of pie.

GRACE.

(*Admiringly to ASHE.*) I believe I've read every book Mr. Warren has written.

THE GALLOPER

COPE.

(*Aside.*) I wish I had!

GRACE.

(*Approaching COPE, who on going to her leaves ASHE on his right.*) Why didn't you tell me? I'm so interested in wars and soldiers. I'm going to make you tell me all the brave things you've seen—and done.

COPE.

Oh, trifles, trifles! Don't mention them! (*Earnestly.*) Somehow, it embarrasses me.

GRACE.

We had a house surgeon at the hospital who tended you, up the Nile, when that shell fractured the right femur. Is that all right now?

COPE.

(*Violently working his arm.*) Oh, yes, that's all right! See, just as good as new! (*He sees that she is looking at his right leg.*) Oh, you mean my old wound! Yes, that's all right, too. (*Kicks his right leg violently.*) Yes, I got that wound in the first Greek war.

GRACE.

The first Greek war. Why, how old are you?

COPE.

How old am I? Not the first Greek war. No, no! Crete war. Crete, Crete, not Greek. (*Whispers frantically to ASHE.*) Go out and buy me a child's history of the world or we're lost. (*ASHE goes nervously up the stage.*)

GRACE.

(*Tenderly.*) Why didn't you tell me, when you asked me to marry you, that you were the great Kirke Warren?

THE GALLOPER

COPE.

Because I wasn't asking you to marry Kirke Warren. I want you to marry Cope Schuyler.

GRACE.

But Copeland Schuyler is just an idle young man with nothing to do. And he's always done it.

COPE.

Well, you keep your eyes on me for the next two weeks, and you'll see it's the man that counts, not the name. You watch me catching bullets in my teeth. (BLANCHE BAILEY enters on balcony with HEWITT, GRIGGS, and ANSTRUTHER.)

BLANCHE.

(*Joyfully to ASHE.*) It's all right! The General accepted me. I'm going to Volo in an hour. Oh, Miss Whitney! how do you do. I've been *so* presumptuous. I volunteered as a Red Cross nurse, *too*.

GRACE.

Oh, I'm glad! It will be so pleasant to have a companion. Have you had much experience nursing?

BLANCHE.

Twenty years nursing father. He has hay fever.

GRIGGS.

(*To ASHE.*) We will have quite a pleasant party going to Volo. Mr. Hewitt tells me Miss Bailey accompanies us! I believe this young lady is going also. (*Bows to GRACE.*) And how about your friend?

ASHE.

Here he is! (*To COPE.*) Let me present you to Gra-

THE GALLOPER

ham Griggs, dean of the Corps of Correspondents. Been in every war since Waterloo.

COPE.

Glad to meet you.

GRIGGS.

(Jealously.) How many wars have you been in?

COPE.

Six.

GRIGGS.

Oh! I've been in ten—eight revolutions, six coronations. I have placed a crown upon the head of six kings—
(Enter O'MALLEY left.)

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(To GRIGGS.) I beg your pardon. Pardon me, ladies and gentlemen, but I've only a minute in which to deliver a most important message. *(To COPE.)* I told the officers of the Legion that you promised if they would follow you to Volo you would fight them in rotation.

COPE.

(Defiantly.) Fight them in chain armor, if they'd feel safer.

GRACE.

What!

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

By Jove! You promised to fight the lot?

COPE.

(Undisturbed.) Yes, he's quite right, he's quite right.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

It will please you to hear that during my absence the



“There are *eight* officers. You will find us waiting for you on the wharf!”

.....
.....
.....
.....



THE GALLOPER

government has ordered the Foreign Legion to embark in one hour—for *Volo*. (COPE *staggers toward ASHE*.) There are *eight* officers. You will find us waiting for you on the wharf.

COPE.

(*Recovering*.) On the wharf? Excellent! Won't have to bury anybody. Soon as I kill one I'll roll him into the water.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Good day, sir. (*Moves left*.)

COPE.

Good day. If you want to give your family a lot of money, insure your life. I'll see they get it. (*Exit O'MALLEY*.)

GRIGGS.

What's this mean, sir? Are eight officers going to fight you?

COPE.

(*Dramatically*.) No, I'm going to kill eight officers. They will learn what it is to insult Kirke Warren.

BLANCHE.

(*Calmly*.) What has Kirke Warren got to do with this?

COPE.

Everything. I am Kirke Warren.

BLANCHE.

You? Kirke Warren, the war correspondent? (COPE *nods*. ASHE, *alarmed*, *hurries down on COPE's right*. BLANCHE *is now close to COPE on his left*. The others are *grouped still further to the left*.) Are you sure?

THE GALLOPER

COPE.

(Easily.) Well, I can't remember when I was anyone else.

BLANCHE.

(Triumphantly.) Then you must remember—that you owe me two thousand dollars. *(For a moment COPE stares fixedly ahead of him, then, without moving, turns his eyes swiftly toward ASHE, then again stares ahead of him.)*

COPE.

Perfectly! I thought you said you wanted it *after* we reached Volo. *(Puts his hand into his coat pocket as though reaching for check book.)*

BLANCHE.

(Smiling wickedly.) Quite right. I can wait till then.

COPE.

Of course—I'm just as sure I owe you two thousand dollars as you are that I am Kirke Warren. And you're sure of *that*, aren't you?

BLANCHE.

Absolutely!

GRACE.

I think it's time I started for the transport.

GRIGGS.

It's time we all started. Are you coming, Miss Bailey? *(There is a movement of GRIGGS, ANSTRUTHER, HEWITT, and GRACE toward the door left.)*

COPE.

(In a whisper to BLANCHE.) Wait! If you don't tell



"I divorced you, six months ago."



THE GALLOPER

on me you'll get that money. But I'll have to explain it somehow. For *what* do I owe you two thousand dollars? (BLANCHE *glances left to see if the others are listening. COPE and ASHE lean eagerly toward her.*)

BLANCHE.

For alimony! I divorced you six months ago. (COPE *falls back against ASHE as the curtain falls.*)

ACT II.

This scene represents a wharf, with a ship moored at either side. The ships lie bow on toward the audience, who are looking down the wharf. The ship on the right is masked by a kiosk, such as are seen on the street corners in Paris; the ship on the left by a high pile of ammunition boxes, covered at the top with a black-canvas tarpaulin. Far up the stage the wharf makes a sharp turn to the right, and continues off the stage, apparently, toward the shore. The wharf is built like a letter L. The base of the L, reversed, is that part which points toward the audience. That portion of the wharf which runs off the stage to the right is hidden by the stern of the ship. The characters on entering always come from the right. On the back drop one sees the harbor front, and fishing boats at anchor.

On each side of the stage, running up and down, is a stringpiece to mark the edge of the wharf. The ships lie a foot beyond each stringpiece. Down on the left, close to the stringpiece, is a post around which is thrown the loop of an immense hawser. From the deck of each ship a gangway with a hand rail of iron uprights, through which a rope is run, stretches to the stage. At each corner of the lower end of the left gang plank are two stout rings through which ropes from the flies can be hooked and the gang plank drawn into the air. When the act opens the same ropes and hooks are used to lift and swing ammunition boxes through the left gangway.

THE GALLOPER

Below each gang plank is a blackboard on an upright stand. On the one to the left is this inscription, partly in white paint and partly in chalk. The parts written in chalk are those that here are UNDERSCORED:

B. and B. S. Line.

St'r BOSPORUS will sail WEDNESDAY

at 11.30 A. M. for VOLO.

Freight must be delivered at —————

The inscription on the board to the right is:

B. and B. S. Line.

St'r ADRIATIC will sail WEDNESDAY

at 11.30 A. M. for CONSTANTINOPLE.

Freight must be delivered TUESDAY NIGHT.

The kiosk permits the Greek girl in attendance to step back out of sight. Its shelves are lined with stone bottles of Bass and Guinness. On ledge of kiosk are French novels and piles of Greek newspapers, and higher up enamel signs in French and Greek. Outside kiosk are three NEW steamer chairs leaning against kiosk; upon them is a card marked A VENDRE. To the right is a stout square table painted black, and two stout wooden chairs, also black.

On the left of stage are a number of powder kegs. Greek words are painted on the tops. There also are square ammunition boxes, painted in light blue.
FIRST OFFICER, in blue uniform, stands at left gang-way supervising loading of three boxes of ammunition. He holds a pad and pencil. **BOATSWAIN** stands at top of gang plank to receive boxes. Two

THE GALLOPER

stevedores are binding the boxes with a rope sling. They are assisted by three Greek soldiers with a CORPORAL. The rifles of the soldiers are stacked above the gang plank and from the bayonets hang white canvas haversacks (filled) and canteens. The SECOND OFFICER, in white duck, is at the kiosk, talking to the Greek Girl. On the ledge of the kiosk is the glass, and stone bottle of Bass's ale, from which he has just finished drinking.

VOICE.

(*Off left.*) Mr. Andrews!

FIRST OFFICER.

Aye, aye, sir!

VOICE.

That ammunition in the hold yet?

FIRST OFFICER.

Last of it coming over the side now, sir! (*To stevedores.*)
Look sharp with that sling! All right?

STEVEDORE.

All right, sir!

FIRST OFFICER.

(*To BOATSWAIN.*) All right, Williams! (*BOATSWAIN sounds whistle. One hears the noises of a donkey engine and clank of brake on cogs. The kegs are drawn up and disappear through left gangway. Whistle again sounds. Donkey engine ceases. To stevedores.*) Now, then, down to the end of the wharf, and bring up the passengers' luggage. You savvy? (*To BOATSWAIN.*) You go with them, Williams. (*BOATSWAIN and stevedore exeunt upper right. The soldiers take muskets, and exeunt up left gangway. FIRST OFFICER writes on pad and puts it in pocket. To*

THE GALLOPER

SECOND OFFICER.) You're not working *yourself* to death, are you?

SECOND OFFICER.

(*Comes up. Greek Girl in kiosk withdraws from sight of audience.*) Oh! *we* were ready to sail an hour ago; only waiting for the ship's papers and a passenger to Constantinople.

FIRST OFFICER.

Fat lot of passengers you're carrying to Constantinople *these* days. They're afraid of the Greek gunboats.

SECOND OFFICER.

Our passenger isn't afraid of the gunboats. *He's* a war correspondent.

FIRST OFFICER.

Oh, *them*! We're carrying a dozen of *them*. They're all over the ship.

SECOND OFFICER.

Yes, but the one *we* got is that celebrated American correspondent, Kirke Warren.

FIRST OFFICER.

Kirke Warren, my grandmother! We got *him* on *our* ship.

SECOND OFFICER.

I lay you a bottle of beer you haven't.

FIRST OFFICER.

You're on—and you lose. I saw his name on our passenger list.

SECOND OFFICER.

Yes, and I see it on our passenger list. Our Purser told me— (*ASHE descends left gangway. In his pocket he carries a pocket camera.*)

THE GALLOPER

FIRST OFFICER.

Here, now! Here's one of them that *knows*. (To ASHE.) Pardon me, sir, is Mr. Kirke Warren sailing on that ship or is he sailing on this ship? (ASHE *hesitates, and shows his annoyance at the question.*)

ASHE.

He is sailing to Volo on this ship. (*Points left, and goes down to kiosk. Girl gives him brandy bottle and liquor glass. He places it on table.*)

SECOND OFFICER.

Our Purser told me——

FIRST OFFICER.

Well, your Purser didn't know. You come buy me a bottle of beer. (*Starts toward kiosk.*)

SECOND OFFICER.

No. Wait! You come with me, and we'll bet the Purser *six* bottles.

FIRST OFFICER.

Right, ho! (*Runs up right plank. BLANCHE appears top of left plank.*)

SECOND OFFICER.

(To BLANCHE.) Look out, Miss! Better take the 'commodation ladder, forrard. That's not safe walking.

BLANCHE.

Safe walking! Young man, you come to the Royal Music Hall in two weeks and you'll see *me* walking on the ceiling. (*The two officers look in surprise at each other and disappear right. Comes down.*) Now, then, what have you got to say to me that you couldn't say just as

THE GALLOPER

well on board? Or was that just a polite excuse to give me a drink? (*Sits right of table.*)

ASHE.

I beg your pardon. What can I get you?

BLANCHE.

(*To Girl.*) Lemon soda, please, with plenty of ice. (*Greek Girl opens bottle and pours out fizzy drink, which ASHE takes from her. BLANCHE reads label of the bottle on the table.*) "Three Star Brandy." I'm a star, and that's *three* stars, so if I drank that I would be an "all-star combination."

ASHE.

(*Tragically.*) Don't! Don't do that! We're in great trouble, Kirke and I. (*Hands her glass of soda.*) And you've got to help us. (*Sits left of table.*)

BLANCHE.

How?

ASHE.

This morning Kirke received a cablegram.

BLANCHE.

Which Kirke? My late husband or the understudy? (*Sips soda unconcernedly.*)

ASHE.

The *real* Kirke Warren. The cable should have reached him three weeks ago. It is from the woman he's engaged to.

BLANCHE.

Ah, Sybil? The angel-faced Sybil, hey? Cat! What's she done now?

THE GALLOPER

ASHE.

She has volunteered as a Red Cross nurse.

BLANCHE.

What! Another! They'll soon have more Red Cross nurses with this army than they have soldiers. (*Suddenly.*) Heavens! Then she's coming out *here*!

ASHE.

(*In a low voice.*) *Last night* she crossed from Brindisi to Patras, and she arrived *here* this morning. She's looking for Kirke *now*. He's hiding from her in *disguise*. (BLANCHE *throws back her head and laughs loudly.*)

BLANCHE.

Ho, ho, ho! That *is* funny. Oh, *my*! that is funny.

ASHE.

Stop that! (*Tearfully.*) Don't laugh! Think of *my* position.

BLANCHE.

I *am*! That's why I'm laughing. (ASHE *crosses left and sits dejectedly on box of ammunition.*) You ought to think of Mr. Schuyler's position. There's a young man paying alimony to one Red Cross nurse, so that he can be engaged to another Red Cross nurse, and now he'll find out he's engaged to a third Red Cross nurse. If he gets wounded, and *Sybil* nurses him, the verdict will be "accidental poisoning." And what's more, that Russian Princess had better make *herself* scarce, too.

ASHE.

She has, thank Heaven!

BLANCHE.

She has? When?

THE GALLOPER

ASHE.

As soon as they reached this port. See that smoke out there? (*Points toward audience.*) That is an Italian boat taking her to Naples, and with her the money I gave Kirke, and all of his scarfpins.

BLANCHE.

She's left him!

ASHE.

She's left him his ulster.

BLANCHE.

(*After a thoughtful pause.*) Then she *was* a Russian Princess. If she'd been a New Yorker, as *you* said she was, she wouldn't have left him the ulster.

ASHE.

It doesn't help any. I'd hoped, now we were rid of her, Kirke would stay and face Sybil; but he won't.

BLANCHE.

(*After a pause.*) You don't know Sybil, do you?

ASHE.

No. What kind of a woman is she?

BLANCHE.

Sybil? Oh! she's a sort of cozy-corner girl. She owns two breweries and a department store in Newark. And every other week she thinks she's "in love." At present she thinks she's in love with my late husband.

ASHE.

Well, I can't understand what Kirke can see in *her*!

THE GALLOPER

BLANCHE.

He'd be *blind*—if he couldn't see a department store and two breweries. Whenever you read of a man going to discover the North Pole, you may be sure he's got a wife at home—like Sybil.

ASHE.

(*Earnestly.*) Then it's all the more important that Sybil must not find out that Kirke is on that boat, and that there is a man on that one who is pretending to be Kirke.

BLANCHE.

No. It is Cope Schuyler that mustn't find out—that Kirke Warren is engaged. If he does, it's all off.

ASHE.

Oh! I don't know.

BLANCHE.

I do. He's going to Volo only because he's in love with that girl. And to please her—to be near her—he'll pretend he is Kirke Warren; but not if there's a prospective *Mrs.* Kirke Warren. How can he ask Miss Whitney to marry him if he finds out Kirke Warren is engaged already? Why, he's paying me two thousand dollars to keep her from knowing that he has even a *divorced* wife. (COPE *enters centre looking fearfully behind him.*)

ASHE.

Yes, you're right! Cope must not find out.

BLANCHE.

(*Sees COPE.*) Hush, or he will.

COPE.

(*Agitated.*) Hello! I've had an awful escape. If I

THE GALLOPER

hadn't run away, in five minutes I'd have been a national hero!

BLANCHE.

(*Rises.*) How?

ASHE.

(*Rising.*) What have you done?

COPE.

I haven't done anything. Kirke Warren did it. Last winter he fought with the Cretans against the Turks, and now the local committee of the Cretan insurgents are trying to give *me* a reception! They're up there at the hotel on the end of the wharf, and if I hadn't escaped—by now they'd have been naming babies after me.

ASHE.

Oh! those men are exiles. They probably never saw Kirke Warren in their lives.

COPE.

Well, I'm not taking any chances. I don't have to *advertise* for trouble. If war correspondents always have as much trouble as I've had already, I'm surprised they don't stay at home and raise squab chickens.

ASHE.

(*Soothingly.*) I know, old man, and I'm sorry there should be *another* danger that threatens your scheme. I must warn you——

COPE.

Another danger! *My* scheme! Oh! this is *my* idea, is it?

ASHE.

Well, it's the only way to get you to Volo. If you don't *want* to go——

THE GALLOPER

COPE.

I do want to go. You know *why* I want to go. But when I said I'd play I was Kirke Warren, you didn't tell me I'd have to fight duels for Kirke Warren, and support his divorced wife, and be embraced by five hundred insurgents, who haven't been near the water since they and the Apostle Paul were wrecked on the island of Crete! What is this *new* danger?

ASHE.

Oh! it's the same old trouble. (*Sadly.*) I'm afraid Kirke Warren's life has been rather feverish——

COPE.

(*Explosively.*) If it's been any more feverish than mine's been since *I* became Kirke Warren, he'd be wearing a straight-jacket!

ASHE.

In fact, Cope, it's a woman.

COPE.

Oh, the Princess!

ASHE.

No, she's gone. It's another woman.

COPE.

Another woman! No wonder he prefers to go with the Turkish army, if he travels with a *harem*. (*To BLANCHE.*) I should think you'd have been so glad to get divorced from *that* man you'd have paid *him* alimony. What's *this* woman's name?

ASHE.

(*Embarrassed.*) Her name? Oh—I—I—he calls her Sybil.

THE GALLOPER

BLANCHE.

Yes, Sybil.

COPE.

That doesn't describe her. She doesn't go round with Sybil written on her, does she? Am I to go up to every woman I meet and ask, "Are you Sybil?" Some one will hit me with an umbrella.

BLANCHE.

Well, she's an American.

ASHE.

In a red ulster and a green parasol, and she's looking for Kirke Warren. So if she comes on board the ship, you put her off with some fairy story——

COPE.

(Violently.) I'll get the ship's crew to put her off!
(Turning on BLANCHE.) Or must I pay her a few thousands, too?

BLANCHE.

Oh, no, not Sybil! Sybil owns two breweries and a department store. Sybil is worth a million.

COPE.

A million! And your late husband is trying to avoid her? She must be something terrible!

ASHE.

It's the old story—she loves him, and he runs away from her.

COPE.

Well, *he* can run away from her, but I've had enough of this. (To BLANCHE.) This woman, Sybil, probably knows Warren quite well? ; ;

THE GALLOPER

BLANCHE.

(*Doubtfully.*) Yes.

COPE.

That settles it! We're sure to be found out! (Starts up.)

ASHE.

Where are you going?

COPE.

I am going to tell Miss Whitney that I am *not* Kirke Warren.

ASHE.

(*In dismay.*) Cope!

BLANCHE.

(*Greatly agitated.*) Mr. Schuyler! Who's going to pay me my alimony?

COPE.

If I own up to Miss Whitney *now*, that I'm *not* a hero, she may overlook it; but if *some one else* tells on me, she won't.

BLANCHE.

Mr. Schuyler, you listen to me. I asked Miss Whitney why she didn't marry you—you——

COPE.

(*Eagerly.*) Well, passing over the fact that that was none of your business—what did she say?

BLANCHE.

She said she was ashamed to.

COPE.

I don't blame her.

THE GALLOPER

BLANCHE.

She didn't mean it that way. On the *steamer* she refused to marry you——

COPE.

Several times.

BLANCHE.

But that was *before* you said you were Kirke Warren. *Now*, she tells me she won't accept you for fear you will think she's marrying you because you are a hero and a celebrity.

COPE.

But I'm *not* a hero, and I'm *not* a celebrity.

BLANCHE.

Don't you *see*? It's because she *thinks* you *are*, she wants to marry you. You will never marry that girl if you let *her* go to the front while you stay in Athens and play billiards.

COPE.

(*Despairingly.*) Well, what *am* I to do?

ASHE.

(*Excitedly.*) Go to Volo, and make good! Beat those other correspondents! Don't stay back with the ambulances and the dead ones. Go right into the firing line. And when you've got the story, ride for the wire until you and your horse drop dead!

BLANCHE.

That's the talk! Make Kirke Warren look like a two-spot. Fight his duels for him, fight the Turks. And above all, wherever you see the lime light, stand in front of it, and take a bath in it!

THE GALLOPER

COPE.

(*Pleased but doubtful.*) Honest! do you think I can do all those things?

ASHE.

You can do whatever Kirke Warren did.

COPE.

(*Fiercely.*) All right, then, I *will*! Bring me on a duel for two and a battle for one. I won't run away.

ASHE.

Good work, old man, good work!

BLANCHE.

But don't forget there is *one* thing you must run away from—Sybil! (*Starts toward left gangway.*)

COPE.

Sybil!

ASHE.

(*Sits left on keg.*) Even the great Kirke Warren himself is running away from *her*.

COPE.

If he runs away from her as fast as I will, Sybil will spend a very lonely afternoon. (*To BLANCHE.*) Where are you going?

BLANCHE.

I'm going to bring Miss Whitney out here. I believe in keeping off a ship as long as you can. (*FIRST and SECOND OFFICERS come down right gang plank.*)

COPE.

Oh, do! Tell her it's cooler on the wharf. Make her come.

THE GALLOPER

BLANCHE.

I'll try. (*Exits up gang plank left.*)

COPE.

It's so crowded on that transport that every time you move you walk on a soldier. (*Lights cigar.*)

ASHE.

(*Anxiously.*) Don't smoke here?

COPE.

Why not?

ASHE.

'Cause you'll blow up the whole wharf. This is all ammunition, and this is gunpowder I'm sitting on. (*Touches keg.*) And see that! (*Points to stage.*) See all those black specks, that's gunpowder leaked out of these kegs.

COPE.

That's not powder. Those are cinders—from the smoke stacks.

ASHE.

Cinders! You're afraid to put your cigar in it.

COPE.

Afraid! Afraid of a few dead cinders? (*Stoops to touch stage with cigar.*)

ASHE.

Look out! (*COPE jumps violently.*)

COPE.

Don't do that! How dare you! (*Officers, manifesting curiosity, come down stage.*)

THE GALLOPER

ASHE.

You don't dare! I'll bet you five pounds you won't touch your cigar to that! (Takes out bills.)

COPE.

Make it *twenty*, and I'll do it. My life's worth more than five pounds——

ASHE.

All right! Twenty! But if it *is* powder, who will collect the money?

COPE.

Who will collect *us*? Have you any farewell remarks to make? No? Then, look out! (ASHE *retreats toward left*, COPE *timidly stoops and touches cigar to stage. Nothing happens. To ASHE.*) Twenty pounds, please! (Takes the bills from ASHE.) Thank you. (To officers.) Captain, are those cinders or is that gunpowder from those powder kegs?

FIRST OFFICER.

These are cinders from our smoke stacks. Those kegs are full of green olives. (Points to top of keg.)

COPE.

You see! (Pointing to lettering on top of keg.) If you'd only studied your Greek, you'd have saved twenty pounds! (To officer.) My friend, you can be of great assistance to me. If a lady, a plump lady, asks you if Mr. Kirke Warren is on board this ship, you tell her that he is not; that he has just gone to look for her at the hotel.

FIRST OFFICER.

Yes, sir; the hotel on the wharf?

THE GALLOPER

COPE.

Not at all. Which hotel in the Piræus is furthest removed from this wharf?

FIRST OFFICER.

The Grand would be it, sir.

COPE.

Very well. Tell her he's gone to the Grand. Understand?

FIRST OFFICER.

Yes, sir.

COPE.

Have you got a Master's ticket?

FIRST OFFICER.

Oh, yes, sir, two years ago!

COPE.

(*Hands him twenty-pound note.*) Then please take this and buy yourself a battleship. (*To SECOND OFFICER.*) And will you kindly tell her the same story?

SECOND OFFICER.

Oh, yes, sir!

COPE.

(*Handing him the other bank note.*) Buy yourself another battleship, and fight his, double or quits! (COPE sits on keg. Officers compare bank notes and exeunt right and left gang planks.) Well?

ASHE.

(*Below COPE at lower left.*) Well, I think we'll get away with it yet. It's only half an hour before the transport leaves, and then—you're safe.

THE GALLOPER

COPE.

I guess I can hold out for half an hour. I could if I had a drink now!

ASHE.

That sounds good to me. (*Arm in arm they start briskly up stage as O'MALLEY with CAPTAIN ZONYA appear from right at centre. ASHE and COPE fall back.*)

COPE.

Heavens! Here's that professional dentist—duellist!

ASHE.

(*Returns to lower left below COPE.*) Confound it! And he looks like trouble!

COPE.

I'd hate to tell him what he *does* look like!

ASHE.

Don't lose your temper!

COPE.

I don't mind losing my temper, so long as I don't lose my life.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Good morning!

COPE.

Good morning!

ASHE.

Good morning!

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Gentlemen, I am fortunate in finding you. Allow me—my *second*, Captain Zonya, of the Foreign Legion, late of the Imperial Austrian Army. (*COPE and ASHE rise, and lift their hats stiffly. ZONYA salutes and kicks his heels*

THE GALLOPER

together.) I am sorry to tell you, gentlemen, that I bring bad news. It relates to our duel.

COPE.

Oh, does it? Then allow *me* to present *my* second, Mr.—Colonel Ashe. (O'MALLEY and ZONYA salute ASHE.)

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(*Doubtfully.*) Colonel? May I ask where you *won* that title?

COPE.

Won it! Did you think he got it in a lottery? He was *born* a colonel. He's a Kentuckian.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Oh!

COPE.

Pardon me, if I confer with my second.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Certainly! (O'MALLEY and ZONYA *confer together.*)

COPE.

(*Aloud.*) Now, Colonel. (*Aside.*) See here, Billy, as I understand this duelling game, when people arrange the details, they must act strictly according to the code.

ASHE.

Sure!

COPE.

Don't say "sure." When you are acting as a second, speak with more dignity—say "I comprehend."

ASHE.

I comprehend.

THE GALLOPER

COPE.

(*Pleased but doubtful.*) Honest! do you think I can do all those things?

ASHE.

You can do whatever Kirke Warren did.

COPE.

(*Fiercely.*) All right, then, I *will*! Bring me on a duel for two and a battle for one. I won't run away.

ASHE.

Good work, old man, good work!

BLANCHE.

But don't forget there is *one* thing you must run away from—Sybil! (*Starts toward left gangway.*)

COPE.

Sybil!

ASHE.

(*Sits left on keg.*) Even the great Kirke Warren himself is running away from *her*.

COPE.

If he runs away from her as fast as I will, Sybil will spend a very lonely afternoon. (*To BLANCHE.*) Where are you going?

BLANCHE.

I'm going to bring Miss Whitney out here. I believe in keeping off a ship as long as you can. (*FIRST and SECOND OFFICERS come down right gang plank.*)

COPE.

Oh, do! Tell her it's cooler on the wharf. Make her come.

THE GALLOPER

COPE.

(*To ASHE.*) Hush! Coldly polite, please, coldly polite.
(*To O'MALLEY.*) And why can he not talk?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

He can talk, but he can talk only Hungarianese. *That's* why I chose him. In *my* affairs of honor, I prefer to do all the talking.

COPE.

Yes, I noticed you did. I like the *talking* part myself. Well, what have you come to talk *about*?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

This. It now appears that the Foreign Legion cannot go to Volo.

COPE.

(*Joyfully.*) Can't go to Volo!

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Our orders have been countermanded. In an hour we leave for Corfu.

COPE.

Can't go to Volo! Oh, that's too bad! (*To ASHE.*) That's really too bad, isn't it, Colonel? (*To O'MALLEY.*) How disappointed you must feel. We regret it exceedingly, too. We condole with you. (*In a whisper to ASHE.*) Now that we are out of that all right, we need not be so darned polite.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(*Loudly.*) But the duel can still go on!

COPE.

The duel! How? Do you think I'm going all the way

THE GALLOPER

COPE.

(*Pleased but doubtful.*) Honest! do you think I can do all those things?

ASHE.

You can do whatever Kirke Warren did.

COPE.

(*Fiercely.*) All right, then, I will! Bring me on a duel for two and a battle for one. I won't run away.

ASHE.

Good work, old man, good work!

BLANCHE.

But don't forget there is *one* thing you must run away from—Sybil! (*Starts toward left gangway.*)

COPE.

Sybil!

ASHE.

(*Sits left on keg.*) Even the great Kirke Warren himself is running away from *her*.

COPE.

If he runs away from her as fast as I will, Sybil will spend a very lonely afternoon. (*To BLANCHE.*) Where are you going?

BLANCHE.

I'm going to bring Miss Whitney out here. I believe in keeping off a ship as long as you can. (*FIRST and SECOND OFFICERS come down right gang plank.*)

COPE.

Oh, do! Tell her it's cooler on the wharf. Make her come.

THE GALLOPER

BLANCHE.

I'll try. (*Exits up gang plank left.*)

COPE.

It's so crowded on that transport that every time you move you walk on a soldier. (*Lights cigar.*)

ASHE.

(*Anxiously.*) Don't smoke here?

COPE.

Why not?

ASHE.

'Cause you'll blow up the whole wharf. This is all ammunition, and this is gunpowder I'm sitting on. (*Touches keg.*) And see that! (*Points to stage.*) See all those black specks, that's gunpowder leaked out of these kegs.

COPE.

That's not powder. Those are cinders—from the smoke stacks.

ASHE.

Cinders! You're afraid to put your cigar in it.

COPE.

Afraid! Afraid of a few dead cinders? (*Stoops to touch stage with cigar.*)

ASHE.

Look out! (*COPE jumps violently.*)

COPE.

Don't do that! How dare you! (*Officers, manifesting curiosity, come down stage.*)

THE GALLOPER

COPE.

Hello, you jumped already. I haven't begun yet!

ASHE.

(*With mock terror.*) Mr. Warren, as your *second*, I protest!

COPE.

(*Sternly.*) Colonel, I must beg you not to interfere. Please withdraw to the end of the wharf—and take that deaf and dumb man with you.

ASHE.

No! I protest! You will *both* be killed!

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(*Sneering.*) I think you are needlessly alarmed, Colonel. He has not the *courage* to do it.

ASHE.

(*Eagerly.*) I'll bet you twenty pounds, he *has*!

COPE.

Ah, Colonel, is that strictly in accordance with the code?

ASHE.

Perfectly correct, sir.

COPE.

Would it be etiquette for *me* to bet him twenty pounds, *too*?

ASHE.

No. For *you* to bet, would *not* be according to the code.

COPE.

Oh! Look out, then!

[210]

THE GALLOPER

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(*Wildly.*) That is not according to the code! That is suicide! Murder! I will not consent to it!

COPE.

In five seconds I am going to touch this off, you've still time to run. (*Looking at his watch on his wrist, he slowly lowers his cigar.*)

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Stop! I—I apologize! You're a brave man! It is an honor to fight a man like you. This is what I will do. I will go to Volo.

COPE.

All right. If you come to Volo, I'll fight you *there*, any way you please.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

I will go beg my Colonel—for the honor of the Legion—to transfer me to this steamer. (*To ASHE.*) Colonel I, owe you twenty pounds. (*To COPE.*) You understand, we will fight in Volo.

COPE.

All right, but you'll have to hurry.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

I'll not be long; if I get permission, I will *return* here—in twenty minutes. (*Exit dragging ZONYA with him.*)

COPE.

You came near *leaving* here in twenty pieces. (*ASHE and COPE come down stage, laughing.*) That, my son, is what we call strategy and tactics. I got rid of him, anyway—he can't get back here before the steamer leaves. (*Looks up and sees GRACE and BLANCHE left gang plank.*)

THE GALLOPER

Ah, Miss Whitney, how do you do? How is the silver lining?

GRACE.

(*Looking at her frock.*) The silver lining?

COPE.

There's a silver lining to every cloud, and you are the silver lining to my cloud. Been inspecting the ship?

GRACE.

Yes. (*Bows to ASHE.*) I've been all over her with the Captain. He says we get away in half an hour.

COPE.

Good! We can't get away any too soon for *me*!

GRACE.

Of course, *you're* eager to be back of the firing line again.

COPE.

What? Oh, yes! (*Aside to ASHE.*) About five miles back of it. (*Aloud.*) Let's all have a cool and refreshing drink before we sail away. (*To GRACE.*) Won't you sit down? (*GRACE sits down right of table.*)

BLANCHE.

Not for me, thank you. (*Signals to ASHE to withdraw and leave COPE and GRACE together.*) I must see if my luggage is on board. Will you help me, Mr. Ashe?

ASHE.

(*Uncomprehending.*) Your luggage is all right. I saw it on board myself.

[212]



THE GALLOPER

BLANCHE.

(*Frowning.*) Not *all* of it.

COPE.

No, not all of it. That—that green trunk with the brass nails, you didn't see that.

BLANCHE.

No, I'm *sure* he didn't see *that*.

COPE.

You see! *She's* sure too. You go look for it. And when you find it—I'll give you a drink. (*Aside.*) He's going to get awful thirsty. (*To Greek Girl.*) Some Scotch, please. (*ASHE and BLANCHE go up left gangway and exit.*) She's a nice girl. That was very kind of her to bring you out here, and then go away and leave us together.

GRACE.

(*Turning to look after them.*) Oh! why did they do that?

COPE.

Because they sympathize with me. Because all the world loves a lover—except the girl he's trying to marry.

GRACE.

No, all the world loves a hero.

COPE.

Meaning me? Miss Whitney, I am no hero. I'm just one of the—the “plain people.” One of the plainest of the plain. (*Girl places drink on table, and returns to kiosk.*)

GRACE.

Heroes are always modest.

THE GALLOPER

COPE.

Don't think of me as a hero. No man is a hero to his wife, and I want you to think of me as a wife should.

GRACE.

Mr. Warren——

COPE.

Schuyler, please. Warren is my pen name.

GRACE.

Well, Warren is quite good enough for me.

COPE.

I wish Schuyler was good enough for you.

GRACE.

I asked you not to speak of that.

COPE.

I didn't. I merely expressed my regret that the good old New York name of Copeland Schuyler was not worthy of your confidence.

GRACE.

I have every confidence in it, and in you. (*Looks about her anxiously.*) And I am going to prove it. I have wanted to do so for some time. Sit down, please. Mr. Schuyler, to a certain extent I have not been frank with you——

COPE.

That's all right! I have a few secrets of my own that I haven't——

GRACE.

You have paid me a high compliment, and I wish to show you I appreciate it.

THE GALLOPER

COPE.

You are not going to tell me you are engaged to somebody else?

GRACE.

Oh, no!

COPE.

Go ahead, then. I don't care what it is.

GRACE.

For ten years before my father died we lived here in Greece. He was an archeologist, and for the last five years he made excavations around Volo. He was supposed to be digging for buried cities, statues, coins—but he was *not*.

COPE.

What was he digging for—his health?

GRACE.

That is his secret. (*Takes silk bag from her dress and removes small piece of yellow parchment.*)

COPE.

Now, you're sure you're not going to tell me you are engaged?

GRACE.

Please be serious. Have you ever heard of the lost pearls of Alcibiades?

COPE.

Why, yes, but no one——

GRACE.

For five years my father searched for that treasure. It is to continue his search that I came back to Greece. The treasure is known to consist of pearls. They were looted

THE GALLOPER

during the war in Thessaly, and they were buried in a leather bag some place within a radius of *twenty miles of Volo*. It occurred to me that as a Red Cross nurse, going from camp to camp and from village to village, I might discover the whereabouts of the treasure, so I left the hospital and came here, partly to look after the wounded——

COPE.

I see! And partly to look after the treasure.

GRACE.

Yes. Now, as a war correspondent *you* will have even greater opportunities to move about, and I want you to go into partnership with me——

COPE.

I'll take you into partnership without *any* treasure. For life!

GRACE.

Please be serious.

COPE.

My dear Miss Whitney, I *can't* be serious about that treasure. How long do you suppose it would take me to dig up all the land within twenty miles of Volo?

GRACE.

(*Showing parchment.*) With this you need dig only five feet of land.

COPE.

What's that?

GRACE.

This tells us where the treasure is buried.

COPE.

(*Excitedly.*) The deuce it does! Hooray! Then we're all right!

THE GALLOPER

GRACE.

Not quite. It's written in cipher. It's a sort of Delphic utterance, a riddle.

COPE.

And if you guess the riddle, do you get the treasure?

GRACE.

Yes.

COPE.

Let me guess. Go ahead.

GRACE.

(*Reads.*) "At the foot of the rainbow. Where all men are equal. Twenty feet in. Twenty feet to the left. Five feet up. Dig!"

COPE.

Go on!

GRACE.

That's all.

COPE.

It doesn't give us much to go on with. May I read it?

GRACE.

Certainly. (*Gives him paper.*)

COPE.

(*Reads.*) "At the foot of the rainbow." Now there, at the start, that's a very vague address. Rainbows are very uncertain. You have to be *quick* to catch a rainbow. That will take an awful lot of running about. And see here! "At the foot of the rainbow." Doesn't say *which* foot. *You'll* have to go after *one*, and I'll run for the *other*.

THE GALLOPER

GRACE.

It doesn't mean a *real* rainbow. It means something arched, that resembles a rainbow, like a gateway to a temple, or the span of an aqueduct.

COPE.

Oh! I see. An archway. That's simpler. When we're going through railroad tunnels we must keep our eyes open. (*Reads.*) "At the foot of the rainbow. Where all men are equal." The place where all men are equal? That's the United States! Here! We're in the wrong country. We got to go back home.

GRACE.

No, no! That treasure was buried before America was discovered. That also is a metaphor; it's merely poetry.

COPE.

Well, why doesn't he say what he means? When you're looking for buried treasure you don't want poetry, you want facts. He's confoundedly *stingy* with his old treasure. "Where all men are equal." I've got it! There's *only one place* where all men are equal, and that's a graveyard! We've got to open up every grave in Greece.

GRACE.

That's not bad! That's a *good idea* of yours!

COPE.

(*Flattered.*) Why, it's really very simple—when you put your *mind* to it. (*Rises.*) Just see—just see how easy it works out. (*Reads from parchment.*) "At the foot of the rainbow." That is a curved archway leading into the place "where all men are equal." That is a cemetery. It says, "Twenty feet in." We pass through the

THE GALLOPER

archway twenty feet into the graveyard. "Twenty feet on the left." We turn twenty feet to the left, and that *undoubtedly* brings us to the grave in which the treasure is buried! (*Reads.*) "Five feet up. Dig." Five feet *up*! (*Gazes above him—then at GRACE.*) How are you going to dig up in the air? (*Angrily.*) The man that wrote *that* didn't want us to *find* the treasure!

GRACE.

It's very confusing.

COPE.

It's insulting! The old Johnny that wrote that is probably lying in his grave, laughing himself to death. Think's he's done something clever. No wonder your father was five years at this.

GRACE.

You won't help me then?

COPE.

Indeed, I will help you! I am going to dig up every grave in Greece, if only to find where the man who wrote that is buried. When I've written what I think of him on his tombstone, he'll be sorry he *ever died*. (*SYBIL enters hurriedly at the centre. At sight of her, officers run down each gangway. SYBIL is a pretty, overdressed young woman, and carries a red parasol. In dumb show she speaks to the SECOND OFFICER. He points off centre. She shakes her head, crosses to FIRST OFFICER, who also points off centre. In spite of his attempt to stop her, she ascends left gang plank. While this goes on, the following dialogue takes place.*)

COPE.

(*Offering parchment.*) You had better keep this. It's *your* secret.

THE GALLOPER

GRACE.

(*Taking parchment.*) That's been my secret for five years.

COPE.

(*Sententiously.*) The best way to keep a secret is not to have any to keep.

GRACE.

That's true.

COPE.

Not to have anything hidden in your life that you cannot declare openly to the world. My sentiments are—that a free man is a man— (*Turns and sees SYBIL ascending left gang plank.*)

FIRST OFFICER.

(*Aside to COPE.*) Is that the woman?

COPE.

(*Pushing officer up gangway.*) Yes! After her! Overboard! Drown her! (*To GRACE.*) My sentiments are— (*ASHE in terror rushes down left gang plank and up right gang plank.*)

ASHE.

Look out! Sybil!

COPE.

(*Aside.*) I know. (*BLANCHE runs down left gang plank and up right gang plank.*)

BLANCHE.

(*Warningly.*) Sybil!

GRACE.

What did she say?

COPE.

(*Agitated.*) She says that woman wants to meet me, but

THE GALLOPER

I don't want to meet her, so I'm going to the hotel. I think that's a good plan to get rid of her.

GRACE.

(*Indignantly.*) I think it's a good plan to get rid of me.
(*Exit up left plank.*)

COPE.

O Miss Whitney! how could you? (*Comes down to right of table.*) If Sybil finds out I'm pretending to be Kirke Warren, I'll *never* get to Volo. (*SYBIL descends left gang plank.*)

SYBIL.

Pardon me, sir. I am Mrs. Sybil Schwartz of Newark.
(*Accusingly pointing her parasol.*) You are an American.

COPE.

(*Sullenly.*) I don't deny it. We can't all be born in New Jersey.

SYBIL.

(*Tearfully.*) I also am an American, far from home, in great trouble. The American war correspondents are sailing from this wharf. Have you met any of them?

COPE.

(*Explosively.*) Yes, I have, and I wish I hadn't! Excuse me, but I've—— (*Starts left.*)

SYBIL.

(*Appealingly.*) Stop! Don't leave me! I am a defenceless, unprotected girl, alone in a strange land. The moment I saw your face I said, "That is a kind face, that is the face of a man I can trust."

COPE.

Madam, you cannot judge by appearances. I am not a kind man.

THE GALLOPER

SYBIL.

(*Coquettishly.*) Ah, yes, you are.

COPE.

I am not. I am not the sort of man a girl should be seen talking to. If I were to tell you my past, you would fly from me. (*Eagerly.*) Let me tell you my past?

SYBIL.

Nonsense! I can see that you are a good and kind gentleman.

COPE.

I tell you I am not. I am a villain. My very presence is an insult. Don't you feel that?

SYBIL.

No, I feel strangely drawn toward you. (*Pensively.*) Perhaps it is because we both are Americans.

COPE.

That's a silly reason. There are eighty million Americans. Why don't you feel drawn to some one else? (*Endeavoring to escape from her he crosses to ammunition boxes.*)

SYBIL.

(*Following him.*) Because you can help me. You can find out on which boat he is sailing!

COPE.

(*Exasperated.*) Kirke Warren isn't sailing on either of these boats.

SYBIL.

Kirke Warren! How did you know I meant Kirke Warren?

THE GALLOPER

COPE.

(*In desperation.*) Why, you said yourself——

SYBIL.

I did not. What did I say?

COPE.

You said you were looking for an American named Kirke Warren.

SYBIL.

I never mentioned his name. Ah! (*She runs at COPE, threatening him with her parasol.*) You are in the plot to deceive me, too. You—you villain!

COPE.

(*From top of keg.*) I told you I was a villain.

SYBIL.

(*Shaking parasol.*) Now, you tell me for which port he is sailing. You know.

COPE.

I know I know, but I can't remember. I *think* he is sailing for Hong Kong.

SYBIL.

You *don't* think so.

COPE.

All right, I don't. I remember now, it was Calcutta.

SYBIL.

(*Brandishing parasol.*) It was not.

COPE.

You're right again, it was not. It was San Francisco.

THE GALLOPER

SYBIL.

(*In a conciliatory tone.*) If I gave you a hundred dollars would it help you to remember? (*Opens purse.*)

COPE.

It wouldn't help me a bit. Wouldn't hurt me, but it wouldn't help me.

SYBIL.

Why do you shield *him*? Why don't you aid me?

COPE.

(*Mysteriously.*) I will! But you won't betray me. (SYBIL *eagerly shakes her head.*) Then, listen. (*Whispers.*) Until that boat sails he is hiding from you at the Grand Hotel.

SYBIL.

And when does that boat sail?

COPE.

At *one* thirty. (*Pushing her up stage.*) You've just time to catch him at the hotel.

SYBIL.

They *told* me at eleven thirty. (*Determinedly seating herself.*) I will wait for him here!

COPE.

(*Wildly.*) No, no, don't do that! (*He rubs out one of the numerals in the "eleven" chalked upon the board.*) She sails at *one* thirty. See. It says so. Now, hurry, or you may miss him.

SYBIL.

(*Rising.*) At the Grand Hotel.

THE GALLOPER

COPE.

Yes. They'll tell you he isn't there. But don't you believe them. He is in room 13, on the second floor; if the door is locked, break it in! (*Aside.*) They'll arrest her! Hurrah!

SYBIL.

(*Shakes umbrella.*) You bet I'll break it in! No one can deceive me. (*She goes up stage and turns.*) And when I meet him, I only hope—I only *hope* I'll act like a lady. (*Exit centre.*)

COPE.

I'm sure I hope so too. (*Turns to right gangway.*) Hist! It's all right. Come out. (*BLANCHE and ASHE come cautiously down gangway.*)

BLANCHE.

Has she gone?

COPE.

Yes, no thanks to you. You helped me a lot, didn't you? You told me I must run away from Sybil, and then *you* ran away.

BLANCHE.

Where did she go?

COPE.

I sent her to look for Kirke Warren at the Grand Hotel. (*Thoughtfully.*) Heavens! I wonder *who* is in room 13.

ASHE.

What did she *say*?

COPE.

Say? (*To BLANCHE.*) She thinks you and your late husband have become *reconciled*, and are running away together. Is she in love with Kirke Warren?

THE GALLOPER

BLANCHE.

Very much.

COPE.

And he's not in love with her?

BLANCHE.

Not at all.

COPE.

Oh, I see! Well, she shouldn't be allowed to be at large. Now I am going to the hotel to change into your husband's campaigning things, and if I'm not back here in *five minutes*, call out the entire police force.

ASHE.

Oh! you're all right now.

COPE.

(*Going up.*) It doesn't depend on me. It depends on Sybil. Let us all pray that Sybil will act like a lady. (*Exit centre.*)

BLANCHE.

There you are! Do you see? If he suspected for a moment that Sybil was engaged to Kirke Warren, you'd lose your correspondent at Volo and I'd lose two thousand dollars. He must not find out! (*Goes below kiosk, where she is hidden from those in the centre of the stage. To Girl.*) Give me another of those fizzy drinks. I feel faint.

ASHE.

(*Seating himself on box at left, with eyes front.*) I hate to deceive Cope. But if I can only get him safe on that transport and ship Kirke off on that one, I'll never deceive him again. And she'll follow them only over my dead body. (*WARREN enters mysteriously centre. He wears a pointed red beard and bristling mustache attached to an*

THE GALLOPER

elastic band, a long shabby ulster, and his hat brim is pulled over his eyes. He does not see BLANCHE, but glancing fearfully on either side approaches ASHE and touches him on the shoulder.)

WARREN.

Have you seen her?

ASHE.

(Startled.) Heavens! Seen her, no! Who the devil are you?

WARREN.

Hawkshaw! the Detective! *(Pulls down the beard and mustache.)*

ASHE.

(Indignantly.) Kirke! You look like a bomb thrower.

WARREN.

Would you know me?

ASHE.

No, I wouldn't know you, but I know that a man with *black* hair doesn't have a *red* beard.

WARREN.

(Disappointed.) Yes. Yes, it does look odd.

ASHE.

It *certainly* looks odd!

WARREN.

(Sadly.) It was the last one in the shop. Well, it fooled Sybil, anyway.

ASHE.

(Eagerly.) You've seen her?

[227]

THE GALLOPER

WARREN.

Seen her? Just now, as I walked on to this wharf, she almost ran right into my arms.

ASHE.

Did she know you?

WARREN.

Do you suppose she'd have run into my arms if she'd *known me*. I had a mighty close shave.

BLANCHE.

You don't look it, with that beard on.

WARREN.

What? Oh! (*Embarrassed.*) Oh, how do you do? Billy told me you were here. You're looking very well, Blanche.

BLANCHE.

I wish I could say as much for you, Kirke.

WARREN.

Would you know me?

BLANCHE.

If I did, I wouldn't *admit it*.

WARREN.

(*Bitterly.*) How like the old days that sounds! Blanche, this is no time for family rows. We're all in this together. And Billy tells me *you're* making two thousand dollars out of it. (*Takes off beard.*)

BLANCHE.

(*Defiantly.*) Well, if Mr. Schuyler wants to be Kirke Warren, he must pay Kirke Warren's debts.

THE GALLOPER

WARREN.

I don't object to that. I don't object to his doing that. I only want to point out to you that our interests are *one*. (*Impressively.*) I mean to pay that alimony myself.

BLANCHE.

Of course you do!

WARREN.

(*Sweetly.*) As soon as I get the money, I'll give it *all* to you.

BLANCHE.

How like the old days *that* sounds! (WARREN *turns and angrily paces up stage.*)

ASHE.

Now, here, you two, try to remember you are no longer man and wife, and treat each other with politeness. We are all working together with the same object. To keep Sybil from finding out what we are doing.

WARREN.

And that *she's* what we are doing.

ASHE.

Exactly! (WARREN *comes down, keeping ASHE on his left, BLANCHE on his right.*)

WARREN.

(*Tragically.*) A half hour would have saved us! *Thirty minutes* would have saved us. If Sybil had arrived only half an hour later, Schuyler would have sailed to Volo, and I'd been on my way to Constantinople.

ASHE.

It *looked* like a splendid scheme.

THE GALLOPER

WARREN.

Fate was against us. First she turned up! (Points at BLANCHE.) With all the places in the wide world to go to, why should she come to Athens, why wasn't she playing on the Casino roof garden——

BLANCHE.

Because they wouldn't put my photographs in the lobby. I said to him——

WARREN.

Never mind what you said to him! We don't want to hear what you said to him. *You're fixed! Schuyler paid you. But as soon as we get you squared, Sybil turns up. And Sybil is so jealous! (ASHE shakes his head in despair, and goes up stage.)*

BLANCHE.

Jealous! Do you know what she did when they put up my name in electric lights on Broadway, where a million people could see it every night? She said I did it to lure you back to me.

WARREN.

Well, it did lure me back, as far as the theatre.

BLANCHE.

(Eagerly.) Yes?

WARREN.

I had an idea you saw me that night. I was in the lower right-hand stage box. Did you?

BLANCHE.

Now, Kirke! If I could walk on the ceiling with my head down, and bow to my friends in the boxes, I'd be worth a thousand dollars a week. How did you *like* the new act?

THE GALLOPER

WARREN.

Great! (*BLANCHE smiles with pleasure.*) Made me laugh.

BLANCHE.

(*Indignant.*) Laugh! It isn't meant to make you laugh. When you see a woman turn four somersaults in the air and strike on the back of her neck, does that make you laugh?

WARREN.

It does, if I'm paying her alimony.

BLANCHE.

(*Laughs and slaps him on the shoulder.*) Oh, you! You could always make me laugh.

ASHE.

(*Runs down excitedly.*) Hist! Get back! Get back! There's a big crowd coming. They mustn't see you. Put on that beard.

BLANCHE.

If he puts on that beard, he'll be the only person they will see.

WARREN.

But Sybil may be with them. (*Puts on beard and hides below kiosk with BLANCHE in front of him.*)

ASHE.

You wait there till they've gone away, then you can slip on board your ship. (*ANSTRUTHER enters, looking back right. Over one shoulder he wears a camera case, containing a camera. Over the other shoulder a fieldglass. From off right march music is heard.*)

THE GALLOPER

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

(*To ASHE.*) I say, your young friend is getting a big reception. He's a national hero.

ASHE.

Who?

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Kirke Warren.

WARREN.

(*To BLANCHE.*) What's that?

BLANCHE.

Hush!

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

They're escorting him to our ship.

ASHE.

(*Nervously.*) Why? What's he done?

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Well, judging from the row the Cretan volunteers are making, I should think he must have saved Crete.

ASHE.

Oh, yes! last year I believe he *was* with the Cretans.

WARREN.

(*To BLANCHE.*) Believe I was! *Six months hard fighting.*

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Well, they certainly appreciate it. Every Cretan volunteer has kissed him on both cheeks.

THE GALLOPER

WARREN.

(*Laughing delightedly.*) Ha! ha! Serves him right, serves him right!

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

And they've fairly smothered him with gifts and addresses. He had to make three speeches from the balcony of the hotel.

WARREN.

Of all the colossal nerve! (*Enter GRIGGS centre. He also wears a camera on a strap and a fieldglass and revolver in holster.*)

GRIGGS.

(*To ANSTRUTHER.*) I never saw such a thing in my life! I've been in ten campaigns, and no grateful nation ever gave me a silver service.

WARREN.

A what?

BLANCHE.

Hush!

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Yes, it was very handsome. I'd rather have had the gold watch.

WARREN.

(*To BLANCHE.*) They give him a gold watch, and all I've got left is this ulster! (*Stevedore enters, carrying flowers, another carrying a basket of champagne and Boatswain carrying a second basket of champagne. Stevedores halt between the gang planks.*)

BOATSWAIN.

(*Points left.*) That's the ship. (*To ANSTRUTHER.*) For Mr. Warren. (*Stevedores followed by Boatswain go up left gang plank.*)

THE GALLOPER

GRIGGS.

Look at the champagne they're giving him!

WARREN.

My champagne! (He signals in dumb show to the stevedores to go to the other ship. To BLANCHE.) He can keep the flowers. He's welcome to the flowers, but he might give me one bottle of my own champagne. (ASHE writing eagerly on a piece of paper crosses to WARREN. As he does so BLANCHE crosses to ANSTRUTHER and GRIGGS. They talk in dumb show. She works up stage toward the left gang plank.)

ASHE.

(Eagerly to WARREN.) I say, this makes a great story for the paper. You'll get a column on the front page.

WARREN.

And he gets the champagne and the gold watch. Can I drink a front page? Can I take a front page to Simpson's and pawn it? (A band, discordantly playing "Hail to the Chief," enters right. BLANCHE runs up left gang plank.)

BLANCHE.

(Calling toward the left.) Miss Whitney! Miss Whitney! Come! Come quick! (BLANCHE waves her handkerchief to the band. GRACE appears above her. Boat-swain and sailors line the rail. FIRST OFFICER stands above BLANCHE and GRACE, at top of gang plank. COPE enters carried on the shoulders of four Cretans, surrounded by many others. In his right hand he waves his hat, in his left a Greek flag. He now wears a khaki uniform with leather leggings, a revolver, fieldglass, and canteen, and sabretache. He attempts to bow to GRACE, and losing his balance pitches forward. He is caught and set straight by the Cretans. They place him on his feet on the table.)

THE GALLOPER

ASHE.

Three cheers for Kirke Warren, the Cretan patriot!
(*All cheer. When the cheers subside WARREN groans. COPE hands flag to Greek Girl in charge of kiosk, who stands behind table, and when the crowd cheers waves it.*)

COPE.

(*His manner now is assured and triumphant.*) Fellow-warriors! Fellow-comrades! Again I thank you. (GRIGGS, ANSTRUTHER, and ASHE stand at the footlights, their backs to the audience, with their cameras pointed at COPE.) My heart bleeds— (*He sees the cameras.*) Wait, wait, boys! Wait till I say "Up and at 'em!" (*He adjusts his hat, pulls his revolver to his right hip, and strikes an attitude.*) "Up and at 'em!" (*The three cameras click in unison.*) Did you get it? (ASHE, ANSTRUTHER, and GRIGGS put away cameras and stand against table with backs turned to it.) My heart bleeds when I look at your battle-scared—scarred, not scared. (*To ASHE.*) Write it down battle-scarred. (*To the Cretans.*) When I look at your battle-scarred countenances I remember that together we slept under the same stars and drank from the same canteen! But now, under the same flag, the North and the South, the gray and the blue— (ASHE pulls at his coat.) Gosh! That's the wrong speech! Men of Athens, remember the victories of ancient Greece—remember Marathon!

CRETANS AND GREEKS.

(*Cheering.*) Zito! Zito!

COPE.

Remember Thermopylæ!

GREEKS.

Zito! Zito! (ASHE, who is writing down the speech,

THE GALLOPER

pulls his coat and whispers to him. COPE stoops and whispers.)

COPE.

T-h-e-r, Ther, m-o-p, mop, a, i—wait! T-h-e-r-m-o-p—
Can you spell Alcibiades? (ASHE *nods.*) I'll tell them to
remember Alcibiades. (*Aloud.*) And also *remember Alcibiades!* (*Cheers.*) And I ask you—*what* has the Republican party ever done for Greece?

GREEKS.

Zito! Zito! (Steamboat whistle blows. ANSTRUTHER and GRIGGS go on board ship.)

FIRST OFFICER.

All aboard! Clear away the gang plank!

COPE.

(*To FIRST OFFICER.*) Stop that boat! How dare you! Don't you start that boat till I finish my speech. Leave that gangway where it is. (WARREN *comes directly below table, next to ASHE.*) Fellow-warriors! One word in farewell. When I am gone, do not forget me. Do not forget those days in Crete when through shot and shell we charged Selino Pass.

WARREN.

(*Prompting indignantly.*) Suda! Suda Pass!

COPE.

Suda Pass. (*Aside to WARREN.*) Thank you. (*Aloud.*) And though the odds were twenty to one against us, we stormed those hills and with our bare hands seized the Heights of Prevassa.



“Men of Athens! Remember Marathon! And I ask you—what has the Republican party ever done for Greece?”

2000

THE GALLOPER

WARREN.

(*Correcting.*) Pharsala.

COPE.

Pharsala! Not Prevassa. The Heights of Pharsala! It was there—while leading that gallant charge—that your unworthy commander fell—shot through the leg. (*There is a sympathetic chorus of exclamation.*)

WARREN.

The ribs! The lower right ribs.

COPE.

The leg, gentlemen, the right leg. (*To ASHE.*) I guess I ought to know where I was shot. (*To Cretans.*) In the leg. And I only wish I had twenty legs to give to Crete. (*To ASHE.*) And to help me to run away. (*Cheers. During cheers COPE stoops and addresses WARREN.*) Are you making this speech or am I? What do you know about it? Were you *there*?

WARREN.

I certainly *was* there.

COPE.

Where? At—that place I said I was.

WARREN.

Certainly!

COPE.

That's different. (*To the Cretans.*) Not only in the leg, gentlemen, but in my ribs also. (*During the cheers turns to WARREN.*) What were you doing there?

WARREN.

(*Furious.*) You've just been telling them what I was doing there?

THE GALLOPER

ASHE.

Don't you know who he is?

COPE.

No! But I know what Kirke Warren did in Crete.

ASHE.

But this *is* Kirke Warren!

COPE.

What? No, no! Ho, ho! (*Shrieks with laughter. Seizes WARREN by the collar and lifts him to table.*) Come up here and let me introduce you. No, come! (*To Cretans.*) Fellow-warriors! I have just found an old comrade! He was with *me* in Crete. He fought bravely, too. I, Kirke Warren, say so! He and I together are going to face the Turks shoulder to shoulder, fearing no man, fearing no thing, facing the world.

BLANCHE.

(*From deck of transport points up wharf and calls frantically.*) Look out! Sybil!!! (*SYBIL appears at centre.*)

WARREN.

Sybil! (*He leaps off table, crawls under it, and on his hands and knees peers from beneath it between the legs of ASHE.*)

COPE.

Sybil! We're lost! (*Shouts to FIRST OFFICER.*) Start your boat! Start your boat! Haul in that drawbridge! (*The gangway is hauled up about four feet above the stage. To Cretans.*) Comrades, carry your wounded commander to that gangway! (*He turns and drops on the shoulders of the Cretans, who rush him across to the gang plank. SYBIL attacks him with her parasol.*)

THE GALLOPER

SYBIL.

You deceived me! He wasn't at the Grand Hotel. He's on this ship going to Volo—and I'm going with him. *(COPE stands upon gang plank which is now higher than SYBIL's head, a whistle for departure blows violently, the boat slowly moves from the wharf.)*

COPE.

Not on this boat! This boat is full up. Take the next boat—in October.

SYBIL.

I'll meet you in Volo. *(Enter O'MALLEY, running, his arms filled with baggage, followed by seven brother officers in uniforms similar to his own.)*

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Hold the boat! Hold the boat! I'm going with you. Here is my permit!

COPE.

Too late, Captain! Take the next boat

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

You are running away! I'll fight you in Volo! *(O'MALLEY and each of his brother officers draws his sword and shakes it at COPE.)*

COPE.

Sybil, you come with him. He's coming to Volo, too. O'Malley, this is Sybil; Sybil, this is O'Malley and his seven big brothers. I'll meet you *all* at Volo!

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

The scene shows the hall of an inn in the mountains of Greece. It is bare and cheerless like the interior of a monastery or a fortress. The walls, as shown by the doors and windows, are two feet thick, and are covered with a rough gray cement. The woodwork of doors, windows, furniture, and the beams and rafters of the ceiling, which is low, are of black oak. The floor cloth is painted to represent round flat stones, sunk in the earth. In the rear wall to the right is a door, heavily studded with iron work. The hinges are toward the right. To the left of the door is a long, low window, with a deep window-seat and small square leaded panes. On a string across the window are hung old faded curtains of Turkey red. In the right wall are two entrances. The lower is an arched corridor leading to a dark hall. Between the corridor and upper door is a black-oak dresser, or sideboard. Upon it are lighted candles, two large pewter plates, and a framed picture of King George of Greece.

In the left wall are two doors, and in the centre of the wall projecting from it an immense fireplace. It rests upon a hearth raised a few inches above the stage, and it runs up into a hood. On its mantel are set two iron candlesticks, with lighted candles. Directly in front of the fire is a table, with two chairs right and left. On the table is a lighted lantern with sides of rusty tin, papers, ink, goose-

THE GALLOPER

quill pens, a Turkish coffee pot of brass and a brass coffee cup, and a blue-print map, a corner of which hangs over the edge of the table. A third chair is in front of lower door right. Beneath the window is a broad bench. Before the fire is set a three-legged stool, a brass jug filled with water, two long iron pokers and iron andirons.

COLONEL OSTAH is discovered, seated at the table with back to the fire, smoking a cigarette and writing. He is an imposing-looking man, with a fierce black beard parted in the middle, brushed to each side, and cut off square two inches below the chin. He wears uniform, sword, and boots. His fez is set upon the lower left corner of the table. The INNKEEPER stands above the fireplace nervously watching OSTAH. Outside lightning flashes and one hears the sound of rain and thunder. A SENTRY, with hood over his face and gun on shoulder, passes the windows. OSTAH, with eyes still fixed on what he has written, lifts coffee cup and sips it, then makes a wry face.

COL. OSTAH.

Here, you Greek brigand, this coffee is cold!

INNKEEPER.

(*Alarmed.*) O Excellency!

COL. OSTAH.

Take it away! If I shoot you, it will not be because you are a Greek, but because you are so bad a cook. Put that on the fire.

INNKEEPER.

Yes, Excellency. (*Places pot on ashes and sits on stool watching it.*)

THE GALLOPER

SENTRY.

(*Outside.*) Halt! who goes there? (SERGEANT *coming from left is seen passing window.*)

SERGEANT.

Sergeant of the guard! (*He enters centre, carrying a lantern. His fez is enveloped in the hood of his rain coat. He salutes and stands at attention. OSTAH looks up, and then continues to write.*)

COL. OSTAH.

Well?

SERGEANT.

We have taken two prisoners for the Colonel. *Englishmen.*

COL. OSTAH.

Englishmen! The Foreign Legion?

SERGEANT.

No, Colonel. I think, spies.

COL. OSTAH.

Spies! From which direction did they come?

SERGEANT.

From the *Greek* lines along the road from Volo.

COL. OSTAH.

Where were they going?

SERGEANT.

They were coming to this inn. They think it still is held by the *Greek* soldiers. When I challenged, one of them waved a *Greek* flag, and sang.

THE GALLOPER

COL. OSTAÏI.

Sang?

SERGEANT.

He thought he had found friends. He was happy.

COL. OSTAÏI.

Do they still think this— Fall back. (CAPTAIN ANSTRUTHER enters. *He wears a rain coat; the water drips from it and from his slouch hat, which he beats against his leg.*)

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Good evening, or good morning, rather. Do you speak English?

COL. OSTAÏI.

Yes.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Good! It's a beastly night, isn't it? (*Sees fez on table. There is a slight pause while he regards it.*) Is that yours?

COL. OSTAÏI.

(*Placing fez on head.*) It is.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

(*Glances about room.*) Are you a prisoner here?

COL. OSTAÏI.

I am in *command* here.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

The devil! (*Gives a short laugh.*) They told us this was the most advanced post of the *Greek* army.

COL. OSTAÏI.

It was—until I captured it.

THE GALLOPER

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

(*Interested.*) Indeed! Did you have much of a fight? Many casualties? (OSTAH *remains silent.*) They didn't defend the position, then? (OSTAH *still remains silent.*) Oh, very well! I assure you my interest was entirely *professional*. Personally—I don't care what happens to you. (*Turns his back on OSTAH and walks right.*)

COL. OSTAH.

Perhaps you will be more interested in what is going to happen to yourself.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

(*Coldly.*) *Nothing* is going to happen to me. I am a *Times* correspondent, accredited to the Greek army. (*Takes paper from his breast pocket and hands it to OSTAH.*) And I must ask you to permit me to return to it—at once.

COL. OSTAH.

When I have time I will examine you, and if you are a spy, as you may be—I may hang you. (COPE *is heard without, singing "Dixie."*)

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Oh, no! pardon *me*. That man—(*nods off*)—and I are noncombatants. You can't touch us. (COPE *crosses in front of window, waving a Greek flag.*)

COL. OSTAH.

(*Angrily.*) If your friend is a noncombatant, why does he carry a Greek flag?

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Confound him! I don't know! Because he's a crazy American. That's the only way I can explain *anything*

THE GALLOPER

that man does. (COPE enters centre waving a damp Greek flag in front of his eyes, and singing "Dixie." Two Greek soldiers follow him and halt at door. COPE wears a long khaki rain coat, which is spattered with mud and rain. He marches straight down, turns sharply in military fashion to the left and sees OSTA. He hides the flag behind him.)

COPE.

(Falling back in alarm upon ANSTRUTHER.) That—that man's a Turk!

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

(Coldly.) Yes, and if you look behind you you'll see some more Turks. (On turning to look at soldiers the flag COPE holds behind him comes within reach of OSTA, who seizes it and throws it to INNKEEPER.)

COPE.

(Taking out notebook.) Another Turkish victory! (Writes and reads aloud.) "Brave Turkish Colonel captures Greek flag single-handed"—when the other man's back was turned. (To OSTA.) Now I've made a hero of you. When they read that in Constantinople they'll send you eight medals. (To ANSTRUTHER, angrily.) You told me this was a Greek outpost. (SERGEANT crosses at back of stage to centre door and exit with the two soldiers.)

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

It was when I told you.

COPE.

Are you going to stay here?

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Looks very like it.

THE GALLOPER

COPE.

I'm not! (To OSTAH, cheerfully.) Well, as you see, Colonel, we've called up the wrong number. And so, thanking you for your kind hospitality, I'll ring off and try another address. (Starts hurriedly toward centre.) So glad to have met you. Good morning.

COL. OSTAH.

Come here!

COPE.

I beg your pardon?

COL. OSTAH.

Come here! I have not done with you.

COPE.

What *can* you do with me?

COL. OSTAH.

If you are a spy—I can hang you! (COPE runs his hand into his hip pocket. At this OSTAH half draws his sword.) Hold up your hands! (COPE keeps his hand in his pocket and scowls at OSTAH.) Hold—up—your—hand! (COPE turns his eyes from OSTAH and looking ahead of him draws a cigarette case from his hip pocket, and takes a cigarette. Then, as though suddenly recalling OSTAH's presence, offers him the box.)

COPE.

I beg your pardon, have one?

COL. OSTAH.

No.

COPE.

They're *Turkish*!

THE GALLOPER

COL. OSTAH.

No. (OSTAH returns to chair in front of fireplace and examines paper given by ANSTRUTHER.)

COPE.

(To ANSTRUTHER, mysteriously.) Did you ever read of the Turkish atrocities?

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Yes.

COPE.

(Offering cigarettes.) That's what these are. Try one? (Sees arch at lower right.) Heavens! (Studies it closely.) By Jove!

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

What's the matter?

COPE.

Nothing! nothing! Now, that arch—to you—is there anything about that arch that suggests a—rainbow?

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Certainly not!

COPE.

No? Those six half circles—don't they resemble the curves of a rainbow?

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

This is the twentieth time you've asked me if a stone arch didn't resemble a rainbow.

COPE.

I know. Everywhere I look, I see a rainbow.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Then, the next time I looked, I'd see a doctor. (ANSTRUTHER crosses to table, facing OSTAH. COPE goes to

THE GALLOPER

arch, and placing one foot before the other paces off the ground from it, then turning left toward door centre.)

COL. OSTAH.

Halt! You can't leave this room. You're a prisoner!

COPE.

(Embarrassed.) Oh! Oh, so I am! I forgot! (ANSTRUTHER crosses left to COPE.)

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

You see, we *are* prisoners. I told you to wait till daylight.

COPE.

You *told* me this was a Greek outpost. I didn't want those women to sleep all night in the rain. I thought if we pushed on ahead we could get food. You said this was an *inn*. You didn't tell me it was a *prison*.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Serves me right! The *Times* doesn't pay me to act as chaperone for Red Cross nurses.

COPE.

I didn't invite them! The Government sent them.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

You were glad enough to have them join us.

COPE.

Well, I don't want them to join us now. You go talk to him, and I'll try to get a message back to them by old Petticoats over there.

THE GALLOPER

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

(*Doubtfully.* All right, I'll try. (ANSTRUTHER moves toward table. COPE starts up as though to cross to fireplace above the table. SERGEANT enters hurriedly.)

SERGEANT.

Colonel, I have taken three more prisoners, two women and a man.

COPE.

(*To ANSTRUTHER.*) It's too late, he's bagged the lot of us. (BLANCHE and GRACE enter hurriedly, wearing capes over their nurses' dresses. They speak with great vivacity, cutting in on each other's words.)

BLANCHE.

Here we are, boys, home at last!

GRACE.

Oh, isn't this fine! *Have* you got *anything* to eat?

BLANCHE.

We're not hungry any more, we're merely—dying.

GRACE.

And we had to swim all the way.

BLANCHE.

And it was so dark Mr. Griggs fell off his horse three times.

GRACE.

Yes, and she helped him on again.

BLANCHE.

And he kicked me on the knee.

THE GALLOPER

COPE.

Griggs?

BLANCHE.

No, the horse. I am going to have him shot in the morning.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Who? Griggs?

GRACE.

No, the horse.

COPE.

What have you done with Griggs?

BLANCHE.

Heavens! Where *did* I lose that man?

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

He's all right! Here he is! (*Enter GRIGGS, very muddy, wet, and angry. Two soldiers enter, carrying the kits and outfits of the three correspondents. They consist of three holdalls or saddlebags, three canteens, three kodaks. They place two of these sets on the bench in front of the window, and the articles belonging to Griggs on chair lower right.*)

GRIGGS.

Yes, here I am! (*Coughs violently.*) No thanks to you, sir! Leaving me alone in that storm to protect these ladies. Where were you? I saved their lives—*three* times, and I was in a swollen torrent—up to my ankles!

COPE.

Your ankles? That's not very deep, Governor.

GRIGGS.

But I was head first, sir—head first. Confound the Turks, I say!

THE GALLIOT

CAPT. ANSTREUTHER.

Hush, hush!

GRIGGS.

I've been in ten wars, and I——

COPE.

(*Pointing at OSTAH.* Hush, hush!

GRIGGS.

Don't say "hush, hush." to me!

COPE.

Well, be quiet, then!

GRIGGS.

Be quiet! Upon my word! Why should I— *(Turns and sees OSTAH.)* Who the devil are you, or? *(Starts and BLANCHE also turn and for the first time see 'HOSAN',*

GRACE.

Oh! Look!

BLANCHE.

Gee! It's the Terrible Turk!

CAPT. ANSTREUTHER.

(*To GRIGGS.*) This place has been taken by a Turkish patrol.

COPE.

Is *he* a Turkish patrol? Why, I know that. That's the national anthem. *(He hums the "Turkish Patrol.")* BLANCHE joins him.)

GRIGGS.

Stop that! Do you want to insult the officers?

THE GALLOPER

BLANCHE.

Insult him? That's a compliment. We were singing the national anthem. Does he speak English? (*Advances timidly toward OSTAH.*) Do you speak English?

COL. OSTAH.

To a charming woman, I can speak in any language.

BLANCHE.

He speaks very good English.

COL. OSTAH.

I should do so. My brother, Ostah Bey, is in our legation in America.

COPE.

Oh! is *he* your brother? I know your brother. (*To BLANCHE.*) You know his brother, that tall man with the—looks like him.

BLANCHE.

Oh, is *he* your brother—such a handsome man, too. Are you a twin?

COPE.

I saw your brother only last month on Broadway. He was rolling a cigarette—in a shop window. Whenever I see your brother, he's always rolling cigarettes.

COL. OSTAH.

I—I am Colonel Ostah; my brother is Ostah Bey.

BLANCHE.

That's the one I know, Oyster Bay.

THE GALLOPER

COL. OSTAHL.

I am sorry that I am forced to make war upon the friends of my brother.

COPE.

Nonsense! What's a little thing like a *war* between *friends*? We've no hard feelings toward you, *have* we, ladies? (*Aside.*) Go on, girls; be nice to him. He may give us something to eat.

COL. OSTAHL.

(*Handing papers back to ANSTRUTHER.*) Your credentials are quite correct, Captain Anstruther. (*To COPE.*) You, also, have papers, I suppose?

COPE.

Right here, Colonel. (*Takes papers from sabretache and presents them.*)

COL. OSTAHL.

(*Comes down below table. To GRACE.*) And you. What is *your* business with the army?

GRACE.

I'll show you my passport. (*Throws back her cloak, revealing her nurse's uniform. BLANCHE does the same. Each reaches into side pocket of skirt for passport.*)

COL. OSTAHL.

(*Salutes the Red Cross badge.*) Pardon me! It is unnecessary.

GRACE.

(*Holding paper toward him.*) You don't wish to see it?

COL. OSTAHL.

The Red Cross, madam, is a free passport in even my country. (*Touches his right hand lightly to his heart,*

THE GALLOPER

lips, and forehead. GRACE bows.) May I offer you some food?

ALL.

Food! (*All rush at him. He retreats before them.*)

COPE.

Can you offer us any food? I dare you to do it!

BLANCHE.

We haven't had a thing to eat since dinner time last night.

COPE.

And at dinner time there wasn't any dinner.

COL. OSTAHL.

(To INNKEEPER.) Show the prisoners your kitchen. What you find there, ladies—is yours.

GRACE AND BLANCHE.

Oh, thank you! thank you! (GRACE and INNKEEPER *exeunt upper left*. ANSTRUTHER picks up his saddlebag from bench and follows. GRIGGS opens cooking kit on chair right.)

COL. OSTAHL.

You will have to cook it yourselves.

GRIGGS.

Why waste time cooking it, eat it raw. (COPE takes off belt from which hangs sabretache and revolver, and places it with hat and gauntlets at upper right end of table. Then opens his cooking kit at right of table. BLANCHE is at left of table.)

THE GALLOPER

BLANCHE.

I want to cook something. I'm *great* with a chafing dish. Did you bring a chafing dish?

COPE.

No, I *didn't*. Wasn't that careless of me? But I brought a grand piano. How are you with a piano?

BLANCHE.

Oh! very well, then. I *won't* cook. (*Exit upper left.*)

COL. OSTAHL.

I am going to visit our outposts. Remember, you and your friends are prisoners; if you attempt to leave this building, the sentries will shoot you.

COPE.

Is *that* all that's worrying you? You could set fire to this house, and as long as there's anything in it to *eat*, we won't leave it.

COL. OSTAHL.

(*To SERGEANT.*) Sergeant, place men outside of each door! (SERGEANT *salutes and exit centre. Sternly to COPE.*) Remember! (*Exit centre.*)

COPE.

He asks me to *remember*. Am I likely to forget? That sounds like a song. (*Sings.*) "He asks me to remember, am I likely to forget?" With four sentries outside the door, I won't forget. (GRACE *enters upper left with large loaf of brown bread, a carving knife, and cheese on a tin plate. Her sleeves are rolled up, and she has removed her bonnet.*) Ah! Bread and cheese, and—are you going to make sandwiches?

THE GALLOPER

GRACE.

Yes. (*Places bread and plate upper end of table and cuts slices; as she does so she eats pieces of bread and cheese ravenously. COPE takes water bottle and coffee cup from kit bag and lifts water bottle.*)

COPE.

And I'll make the coffee. See here, Griggs, you borrowed this last. What's become of all the Scotch whiskey in my water bottle?

GRIGGS.

(*Moving to upper left.*) My dear boy, it evaporated.

COPE.

Then you'd better evaporate—quick! (*Hurls kodak case at him. GRIGGS exit upper left.*) That man borrows everything, and the only thing he *loans* you is a corkscrew when *you've* paid for the bottle. Is there any hot water in that can? This holds very little coffee for five people. (*Goes to fireplace, pours hot water from can into coffee pot. BLANCHE enters, grinding the handle of a photograph-developing machine.*)

BLANCHE.

Mr. Warren, may we borrow your developing machine—to beat up the eggs?

COPE.

No, you may not! It isn't good for *photographs*, and it would *spoil* the eggs.

BLANCHE.

You can't spoil *these* eggs. (*Exit upper left.*)

GRACE.

I can't understand why an old campaigner like you doesn't know how to cook coffee.

THE GALLOPER

COPE.

I *do* know how to cook coffee.

GRACE.

That coffee this morning!

COPE.

That coffee would have been all right if Griggs hadn't left his shaving brush in the coffee pot. I admit—between wars—I *do* forget a few things.

GRACE.

I should say you did. In those two last fights you took forty photographs and never remembered to take the cap off the camera.

COPE.

I know. (*Sadly.*) You don't think much of me as a war correspondent, do you?

GRACE.

Yes, I do! I do, indeed! At that fight at Muenna Pass I watched you. If it hadn't been for *you*, those men would have *run* away.

COPE.

Yes, and if I hadn't seen you watching me, *this* man would have run away.

GRACE.

That's like you. You're so modest, too.

COPE.

I beg your pardon?

[257]

THE GALLOPER

GRACE.

Yes, you are. Now, Mr. Griggs is always telling what he did in this campaign and that campaign; but I've never heard you speak one word of any war in which you've taken part. (*Cope, embarrassed, hastily stirs coffee.*)

COPE.

Oh! don't let's talk about war. Let's change the subject.

GRACE.

Whenever I want to talk about wars, *you* change the subject.

COPE.

Let's talk about your buried treasure.

GRACE.

I wish it *were* my buried treasure. It's still just as far away as the rainbow is.

COPE.

And it isn't because we don't look for it, is it?

GRACE.

No.

COPE.

That secret cipher, that riddle, runs in my head all day! I've set it to music. (*Chants*):

At the foot of the rainbow,
Where all men are equal,
Twenty feet in,
Twenty feet left,
Five feet up—DIG!

Sounds like a college yell, "Five feet up, D-I-G!" As for rainbows, since I started looking for rainbows, it hasn't rained once in Greece except at *midnight*.

THE GALLOPER

GRACE.

You certainly have *tried*. Now that idea of yours that "the place where all men are equal" meant a *monastery*—that was a *great* idea; that should have led to something.

COPE.

It did! It led to the monks throwing me out of five monasteries. I can't think of anything else. Now, there is an arch— (*Points at arched doorway into corridor lower right.*) Why shouldn't *that* arch be what they mean by the rainbow— "Twenty feet in, twenty feet left." (*Walks to doorway, turns and crosses left, taking elaborate steps.*) One, two, three, four, five, six, seven— (*OSTAH enters centre. COPE at sight of him breaks into a dance. To Grace.*) See what I mean? Pretty, isn't it?

GRACE.

Very.

COL. OSTAH.

What are you doing? (*ANSTRUTHER, GRIGGS, INNKEEPER, BLANCHE, enter from kitchen. BLANCHE comes to fireplace carrying a small iron pot, which she hangs on the crane. INNKEEPER, carrying a wooden dish filled with unpeeled potatoes, follows her, and places dish lower left end of table, then exit. ANSTRUTHER and GRIGGS remain up.*)

COPE.

I was showing this lady a new dancing step. (*Crosses to GRACE.*) I'll investigate that arch later.

COL. OSTAH.

(*To ANSTRUTHER and GRIGGS.*) I wish to speak with you—and you. (*They all go into room upper right.*)

THE GALLOPER

BLANCHE.

We've got the makings of a great mutton stew here. Everything found we put in it. Can you peel potatoes?

GRACE.

Yes, indeed!

BLANCHE.

Well, cut these in pieces and drop them in here. (*Points to iron pot.* GRACE comes down to chair left of table, takes dish on her lap and peels potatoes. BLANCHE to COPE.) O Mr. Warren! Mr. Griggs says you'll lend us one of your razors to peel the potatoes; will you?

COPE.

These razors are no good for peeling potatoes. Ever since Griggs opened a sardine box with them, they're only good for shaving.

GRACE.

(*To Cope.*) You cut the sandwiches—Miss Bailey can take care of the coffee. (*Cope goes up top of table and cuts bread, but keeps his eyes fixed on GRACE, who peels the potatoes.* BLANCHE stirs the soup in iron pot.)

COPE.

I call this great fun. It reminds me of our Welsh rarebit suppers. Now, if we only had a little music, it would be just like Sunday nights at the flat. Won't some lady or gentleman oblige? Well, since you *insist*, I will oblige. Mr. Kirke Warren will oblige. (*Applauds himself.*) Now, what shall it be? Something we can all sing? I want a little close harmony, here. Do you know "She Lives in Alabama"? Yes, you do. (*Sings.*)

"She lives in Alabama, far away, far away,
There's where my heart is to-day."



“Why don't you sing?”

3

4

THE GALLOPER

Pom, pom, pom, pom— (*To GRACE and BLANCHE.*)
Why don't you sing? (*They both sing.*)

"There my heart is ever turning,
And for one sweet girl I'm yearning—
Who lives in Alabama, far away."

(*They repeat. Enter ANSTRUTHER, GRIGGS, OSTAH. ANSTRUTHER touches COPE on arm. GRACE and BLANCHE continue to sing and hum, "She lives in Alabama," each engrossed in her work.*)

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

(*In a whisper.*) Listen! this blackguard has found out from his spies that the Greeks intend to attack this place at daybreak with artillery. I told him, if that were so, he must remove his prisoners—anyway, the women. He says that he will not, but that he will let one of us go to the Greek commander and warn him there are women and prisoners in this building.

COPE.

But he *can't* risk the lives of these women to shield himself! He can't *do it*!

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

I know he can't do it, but he's *going* to do it. There is no use wasting time *talking* about it. Now, one of us has got to go.

COPE.

Do you want me to go?

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

We'll draw lots for it. The *one* that draws the *broken match—goes.* (ANSTRUTHER takes box of *safety matches*

THE GALLOPER

from his pocket, selects three, bites one in two, holds the three ends between thumb and forefinger. Outside there is a long rumble like thunder. OSTAH comes down on right of GRIGGS. GRIGGS is on right of ANSTRUTHER. ANSTRUTHER to right of COPE.)

BLANCHE.

Oh, listen! Is that artillery, Captain Anstruther?

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

No, *thunder*, I think. (*To COPE.*) Those are the siege guns on Kania Pass. We've got to hurry. (*He nods toward OSTAH.*) He will give the man who goes a free escort out of his lines. But he must go blindfolded, and after that the man must take his chances. You understand, if you go, you will be under a double fire all the way? (*COPE nods impatiently.*)

COL. OSTAH.

The man who is chosen will not *live* to go all the way.

GRIGGS.

Then there *still* will be two more of us left to go.

COPE.

Hello! are you in this raffle, Griggs? (*Holds out his hand.*) Good for you! Good old Griggs!

BLANCHE.

Mr. Warren, why don't you cut those sandwiches?

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

(*Warningly to COPE.*) Hush!

[262]

THE GALLOPER

COPE.

(*Crosses to table.* To ANSTRUTHER.) That's all right. (To BLANCHE.) I beg your pardon, I forgot the sandwiches. (*Begins cutting bread with eyes fixed on GRACE.*)

BLANCHE.

You haven't forgotten you're hungry, have you?

COPE.

Well, I *do* seem to have lost my appetite. Maybe I'm frightened. Maybe I'm in love. (*Looks at GRACE.*)

GRACE.

(*Hurriedly.*) Now, then, Miss Bailey, a little more close harmony, please. We missed your tenor, Mr. Warren. (GRACE and BLANCHE sing "*She lives in Alabama.*" COPE, while covertly watching GRIGGS, joins in the singing. GRIGGS draws a long match and shrugs his shoulders. With the two remaining matches ANSTRUTHER crosses to COPE. COPE first glances to see that the women are not looking and with ANSTRUTHER moves to centre. There he quickly draws the broken match, and with a smile throws it on the stage, returning to upper end of table; buckles on his belt, picks up hat and gloves, and quickly crosses to centre door. OSTAH, GRIGGS, ANSTRUTHER stand down stage with backs to audience watching him. At door he turns and takes a long look at Grace, with a smile salutes the men, and exit. The three men salute gravely.)

SERGEANT.

(*Calling.*) Pass the American correspondent!

SENTRY.

(*Outside door.*) Pass the American correspondent.

THE GALLOPER

GRACE.

(*Turns.*) Why, where has Mr. Warren gone?

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

(*Crossing left.*) Oh—he's going to his pony; he left something on his saddle.

BLANCHE.

(*Cheerfully.*) Isn't that *just* like him? And he hasn't cut those sandwiches!

SENTRY.

(*At a greater distance.*) Pass the American correspondent. (GRIGGS *crosses to table.* CAPTAIN MOUZAFFER *enters hurriedly centre.* He *salutes* OSTAH and *hands him a paper, and whispers.* OSTAH *glances at papers.* MOUZAFFER *exit centre.*)

COL. OSTAH.

You must all leave the room. Carry your supper in the kitchen. (*To ANSTRUTHER.*) We have just taken some important prisoners. I want this room cleared. (GRIGGS, GRACE, ANSTRUTHER, and BLANCHE *hastily gather up coffee, sandwiches, iron pot, potatoes.*)

BLANCHE.

Look here! don't you take too many prisoners or there won't be enough food to *go round.* Bring the sandwiches. Don't forget the coffee, Griggs. (ANSTRUTHER and GRACE *exeunt upper left.*) Hurry now! before these other prisoners make us divide. (*Exit upper left.*)

GRIGGS.

Oh, I say, we mustn't do that! (*Runs off upper left.*)

COL. OSTAH.

Go on, sir, go on! (OSTAH *returns to chair behind table.* Enter MOUZAFFER, SERGEANT, O'MALLEY, and SYBIL.

THE GALLOPER

She is dishevelled and sobbing. O'MALLEY and OSTAH salute.) You can sit down, madam. (SYBIL sits chair right. O'MALLEY stands to left of it, fiercely twisting his mustache. To MOUZAFFER.) Where are the woman's passports?

CAPT. MOUZAFFER.

She says she lost them. (SYBIL sobs.)

COL. OSTAH.

(Incredulously.) Lost them? That will do, Captain. (MOUZAFFER salutes and exit centre. OSTAH bends his head over O'MALLEY's papers.)

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(Soothingly.) Don't cry! don't cry! I can't bear to see you cry.

SYBIL.

I can't help it. Oh! why did I ever leave Newark?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

If you had never left New-ark, I'd never have met the loveliest creature in the world.

SYBIL.

O Captain! you mustn't say that to me.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

I'll never say it to anyone else. It's the truth I'm——

COL. OSTAH.

(Advancing right.) Your papers seem quite correct, Captain. You will be given all the privileges of a prisoner of war.

THE GALLOPER

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Thank you, sir.

COL. OSTAH.

But what I am to do with the lady, I don't know!

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

On my honor, sir, the lady is a Red Cross nurse.

COL. OSTAH.

Then why is she not in uniform? What is she doing between the lines with a Greek officer—unless she is carrying information?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

A spy! That lovely lady—a spy! Sir, let me tell you this is Mrs. Schwartz, of New-ark, one of the leaders of American society.

COL. OSTAH.

But what is Mrs. Schwartz doing *here*?

SYBIL.

We were *sent* here.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

To organize a field hospital. They said this inn was a *Greek* outpost.

COL. OSTAH.

It *was*. Well?

SYBIL.

There were *other* nurses sent here—only two hours ahead of us—with some correspondents. We've been following them all the way from Athens. We thought we'd meet them here.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(*To SYBIL.*) And when I *do* meet him——

THE GALLOPER

SYBIL.

O Captain! forgive him.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Forgive the man who stands between you and me? The man who insulted my Colonel.

COL. OSTAHL.

(*To SYBIL.*) If the lady was sent here by the Government, she must have *some* papers. And why, madam, are you not in uniform?

SYBIL.

My uniforms were drowned.

COL. OSTAHL.

Were what?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Crossing a stream, the pony that carried the lady's luggage was drowned.

SYBIL.

And they were *so* becoming, weren't they, Captain?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(*Fervently.*) She looked like an angel from heaven!

SYBIL.

And after I had had such a time getting that skirt to hang right! (*To OSTAHL.*) It was very simple, you know, but that shade of blue is so pretty; it isn't a zinc blue, exactly, more a baby blue; the waist had two plaits there, and cuffs turned back like that, with the sweetest little Red Cross——

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

You see—she *did* have a uniform.

THE GALLOPER

COL. OSTAH.

I see; but she hasn't one *now*. Madam, go into that room and remain there. (*Points door upper right.*)

SYBIL.

Into that dark place? (*Indignantly.*) Am I a prisoner, sir?

COL. OSTAH.

You are. And you're very much in my way. (*To O'MALLEY.*) I expect an attack upon this place at any moment. (*SIBYL shudders.*)

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

The Colonel is right; go.

SYBIL.

(*To O'MALLEY.*) Where are *you* going?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Where I am going depends on this gentleman—and Saint Peter.

COL. OSTAH.

Give me your word you will not escape, nor communicate with the enemy, and you can have the freedom of this room.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Thank you. I promise.

COL. OSTAH.

(*In a low voice.*) Give me your sword, please. (*O'MALLEY hesitates.*) Your sword. (*O'MALLEY unbuckles sword belt, and gives belt and sword to OSTAH.*) You have no other arms? (*O'MALLEY shakes his head.*) Now, madam, go.

THE GALLOPER

SYBIL.

Oh, good-by, Captain! You won't leave this room, will you?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

No, sweet lady.

COL. OSTAHL.

If he *does* leave it, the sentries will shoot him.

SYBIL.

Oh, indeed! And what I think of you is that you're no gentleman! There! (*Tosses her head and goes to door into room upper right.* SERGEANT enters centre. *He is followed by KIRKE WARREN. Two soldiers lead him, each holding by an elbow. He wears high-laced riding boots, a coat and riding breeches of gray whipcord. Over all a short rain coat and slouch hat. He is self-possessed and indifferent.*)

SERGEANT.

Right wheel, march! (*He halts centre and salutes.*)

COL. OSTAHL.

Who is this?

SERGEANT.

Halt! (*WARREN and the two soldiers halt centre stage.*) Another spy, Colonel. A dangerous one. We took him trying to enter the Greek lines. He fought three of my men!

COL. OSTAHL.

(*Savagely.*) Indeed! Has he lost *his* papers, too?

SERGEANT.

He threw them away.

THE GALLOPER

COL. OSTAH.

(*To the two soldiers.*) Go back and find those papers!

WARREN.

I'm no spy, I'm a tourist. I've lost my way. (*The two soldiers fall out, salute, and exeunt briskly at centre.*)

COL. OSTAH.

Silence! Put him in that chair. If he tries to escape—shoot him!

WARREN.

(*Crossing to chair beside table.*) I tell you I lost my road and stumbled in on your war. I didn't know you had a war.

COL. OSTAH.

Silence! (*CAPTAIN MOUZAFFER runs in centre, greatly excited.*)

CAPT. MOUZAFFER.

Edhem Pasha's compliments—the Kania Pass is taken—our men are falling back along——

COL. OSTAH.

Hush! (*Points at WARREN and O'MALLEY, who, with INNKEEPER, are listening intently. To MOUZAFFER.*) I will come at once. Go back to your men. (*Exit MOUZAFFER centre. To SERGEANT.*) Come with me. (*To O'MALLEY.*) You have given me your word of honor that you will not escape. (*O'MALLEY bows.*)

WARREN.

(*Defiantly.*) I've given nothing of the sort.

COL. OSTAH.

Silence! I am not speaking to you.

THE GALLOPER

WARREN.

Who are you speaking to, then? (*Turns and sees O'MALLEY.*) Oh! is he a prisoner, too? Why don't you introduce us?

COL. OSTAĦ.

(*To INNKEEPER.*) I will hold *you* responsible for this man. If he is not here when I return—you Greek brigand—I will cut your ears off!

INNKEEPER.

(*Trembling.*) Yes, Excellency. (*Picks up poker and stands above table, watching WARREN.*)

COL. OSTAĦ.

(*To INNKEEPER, fiercely.*) Remember! If he escapes! (*OSTAĦ salutes O'MALLEY and exit centre, followed by SERGEANT. The door slams. There is a moment's pause. WARREN'S manner now becomes eager and authoritative.*)

WARREN.

(*To INNKEEPER.*) You're a Greek. What are you doing *here*?

INNKEEPER.

I am the landlord of this inn. (*WARREN turns toward O'MALLEY.*)

WARREN.

And may I ask who you are, sir?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

I am Captain O'Malley, of the Foreign Legion.

WARREN.

The deuce you are! I dined with the Foreign Legion the night before I left Athens. (*Eagerly.*) That dispatch

THE GALLOPER

rider said we've taken the Kania Pass. Is that so?
(*There is silence.*) What?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

I am under parole not to communicate with the enemy.

WARREN.

Rot! *I'm* not the enemy. This is a private fight of my own. (*To INNKEEPER.*) Look here! I've *fought* for your people. You ought to help me. Have you got a knife?

INNKEEPER.

I can't do it! If I give you arms——

WARREN.

Nonsense! I want you to cut a badge off my arm—this arm. (*Lifts his left shoulder.*) It's all right. I'm not a spy. I'm a—confound it! I've got to trust somebody. See here, I'm a war correspondent. I've got into trouble with the Turkish authorities. I've fought against the Turks, but they didn't know that until they'd given me my credentials; then they telegraphed to the front to *arrest* me. I've been hiding in the hills. Not a thing to eat, either. They've offered a reward, too. So, you see, if these people find this badge they'll guess who I am, and hang me as a spy. What are you going to do? Give me away—or help me?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(*Crossing to him and taking knife from the sash of the INNKEEPER.*) Which arm is the badge on?

WARREN.

Oh, thank you! thank you very much! On the left arm.
(*O'MALLEY pulls down rain coat below WARREN's elbows*)

THE GALLOPER

and discloses on left arm a white brassard with Arabic letters in red silk. He rips off badge.) I say, this is awfully good of you. I won't forget it. *(To INNKEEPER.)* I won't forget you, either. Oh, yes! and cut off my ribbons, too. Throw that in that fire. *(INNKEEPER throws badge in fire. O'MALLEY strips off ribbons of war medals from WARREN'S left chest and examines them.)*

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

You've seen a lot of fighting for a young man; Egypt, India, Madagascar. I must have heard of you.

WARREN.

(Confidently.) Oh, yes! I guess you've heard of me. I am—*(hesitates)*—my name is Cope Schuyler.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(Shaking his head.) Cope Schuyler? No.

INNKEEPER.

Hist! The Colonel! The Colonel! *(Runs into upper door left. OSTAH enters with SERGEANT. SERGEANT crosses to WARREN.)*

COL. OSTAH.

(To O'MALLEY.) What does this mean? You promised me——

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Not to leave this room. I haven't left it.

COL. OSTAH.

Go down that corridor, and remain there. *(O'MALLEY shrugs his shoulders, and exit down corridor right. To SERGEANT.)* Put that spy in that room, and lock the door. *(Points lower left.)*

THE GALLOPER

WARREN.

(*Moves left after SERGEANT.*) I'm no spy. I'm a Cook's tourist.

SERGEANT.

There is no lock, Colonel; if the prisoner tries to come out——

COL. OSTAHL.

If the prisoner tries to come out, there will be no prisoner.

WARREN.

(*Smiling.*) That's all right. The prisoner won't try to come out. (WARREN *exit*. SERGEANT *closes door behind him*. MOUZAFFER *enters centre*.)

CAPT. MOUZAFFER.

Colonel!

COL. OSTAHL.

Well?

CAPT. MOUZAFFER.

That American correspondent says you promised him he could reënter our lines.

COL. OSTAHL.

Is that man back again? Alive?

CAPT. MOUZAFFER.

Yes, Colonel.

COL. OSTAHL.

Has he seen the Greeks.?

CAPT. MOUZAFFER.

He saw the Crown Prince himself. The Prince agrees if you will place the women and noncombatants in one wing of the building he will not attack that wing.

THE GALLOPER

COL. OSTAH.

Good! You and I will occupy that wing with them. I have made a cat's-paw of that young man.

CAPT. MOUZAFFER.

Shall I pass him?

COL. OSTAH.

No! Yes! I'll make him tell us how strong the Greeks are. Wait! He mustn't know how few *we* are. Blind-fold him again and tie his hands.

CAPT. MOUZAFFER.

Tie his hands? He is a noncombatant, Colonel.

COL. OSTAH.

(*Sternly.*) He is a prisoner. (MOUZAFFER *salutes and exit.* GRACE *enters left.*)

GRACE.

Oh, please! may I come in? We forgot the mustard. (*With evident disappointment she looks about her.*) Isn't Mr. Warren here?

COL. OSTAH.

No, not yet. It is quite a distance to the Greek lines.

GRACE.

The Greek lines? Why did he go there?

COL. OSTAH.

(*Shrugs his shoulders.*) Why do men ever run away? Because they are afraid.

GRACE.

Afraid! He? Nonsense! He's gone—he's gone to wire to his paper while those other men in there stop to

THE GALLOPER

cook supper. (*Laughs.*) That's what *he's* done. (*Goes to table, as though searching for the mustard.*)

COL. OSTAH.

No, the others were as willing to serve you as he. They decided by lot.

GRACE.

Decided—what?

COL. OSTAH.

Who should tell the Greek commander there are women in this place.

GRACE.

(*Starting back indignantly.*) Is that why he went? And you let him go? You—you've killed him, you coward!

COL. OSTAH.

(*Rising, and coming close to her.*) No, no; he will return. I wager you he will return. I wager this diamond ring, see! (*He leers at her insolently.*)

GRACE.

(*Contemptuously.*) If you so much as *look* at me again, I will report you to your commanding officer.

COL. OSTAH.

Indeed! You forget you are my prisoner. (GRACE raises her head indignantly and with a quick downward movement of the right hand unrolls the sleeve on her left arm, showing the Red Cross badge. OSTAH backs to door centre, bowing, and exit centre.)

GRACE.

(*To herself.*) He *must* come back! He *must* come back! (*At door upper right, SYBIL knocks.*) He will, he

THE GALLOPER

will! (*Knock is repeated.*) Come in! I suppose you may come in. (*Knock is repeated.*) Come in!

SYBIL.

I can't! I can't get out, to come in.

GRACE.

That's a woman! Where are you?

SYBIL.

In here. I'm a prisoner. They're starving me to death—by inches!

GRACE.

You poor thing! Wait just one moment. (*Opens door.*)

SYBIL.

(*Standing in doorway.*) Oh, *thank* you! I heard a woman's voice, and I—oh, how do you do? I saw you on the transport. I'm Sybil Schwartz. I tried to come on board, and they wouldn't let me.

GRACE.

Oh, yes! I remember.

SYBIL.

Of course you do. I made such a show of myself, but I was just heartbroken. To come way out here—only to find that woman and Kirke together again.

GRACE.

Kirke?

SYBIL.

Kirke Warren—you see, he and his wife are reunited.

THE GALLOPER

GRACE.

His wife! Mr. Warren is not married.

SYBIL.

Oh! you know what I mean. His divorced wife. I beg your pardon—I thought you knew him.

GRACE.

So did I.

SYBIL.

Well, anyway, you know Blanche Bailey.

GRACE.

What interest has Miss Bailey in Mr. Warren?

SYBIL.

Oh, not much, except that she's his divorced wife—and now they're reunited.

GRACE.

Oh! It's absurd! Impossible!

SYBIL.

Well, I ought to know. Ever since his divorce from her, he's been engaged to marry *me*.

GRACE.

You! Engaged to Mr. Warren!

SYBIL.

Well, I was until two days ago. (*Sentimentally.*) Then there came a change. Now I love another.

GRACE.

Tell me, please! Were you engaged to Mr. Warren that day on the wharf?

THE GALLOPER

SYBIL.

Of course I was.

GRACE.

He told me, himself, he had never seen you until that moment.

SYBIL.

Now, isn't that like Kirke! But don't you worry; he may get over it. You see, I don't want him any more; and if you feel——

GRACE.

Pardon me! I have no interest in Mr. Warren. I believe you said you were hungry.

SYBIL.

Starving!

GRACE.

(*Points to kitchen and walks from her.*) You will find some food in that room.

SYBIL.

Oh, please! I'm not allowed to leave this one.

GRACE.

Very well. Go back there, then, and I will bring you something.

SYBIL.

Don't be long. It's awfully dark in here. (*Through half-closed door.*) And I say, don't you worry about Kirke Warren. He's not worth it.

GRACE.

I tell you, I have not the slightest interest in Mr. Warren. (*SYBIL exit and closes door.*)

[279]



THE GALLOPER

SENTRY.

(*From off upper left.*) Pass the American correspondent!

GRACE.

(*Hysterically.*) He's safe, he's safe, he's safe! (COPE enters with SERGEANT, who carries COPE's belt, revolver, and fieldglasses. COPE has a red handkerchief tied across his eyes with one end hanging just over his nose. His hands are bound behind him. The SERGEANT leads him to centre, and places his revolver, whip, and gloves upon bench.)

COPE.

(*Sniffing at handkerchief.*) Sergeant, you've been wrapping your dinner in this handkerchief. I wish you'd take it off my nose.

SERGEANT.

Silence!

COPE.

Smells just like an Irish stew.

SERGEANT.

The orders of the Colonel are, if you take that bandage from your eyes, he will cut off your ears.

COPE.

Wish he'd cut off my nose. (*Sniffs.*) Now I can distinguish onions and garlic. (SERGEANT exit centre. COPE turns his head from left to right.) Hello! anybody at home? Hello! hello, Central! give me—give me—anybody.

GRACE.

(*Haughtily.*) I am here, Mr. Warren.



The Greek soldiers dancing in the Inn near Volo.

40

THE GALLOPER

COPE.

Grace! O Miss Whitney! it's awfully good to see you again. That is, it would be if I *could* see you. Miss Whitney, I've had the deuce of a ride, and I know now that you're the only one——

GRACE.

Mr. Warren! I think already you have sufficiently humiliated me.

COPE.

Humiliated you? Good heavens! Who? I? Stand still, can't you? Don't move about that way. How could I humiliate you?

GRACE.

I know everything! I know that Blanche Bailey was your wife.

COPE.

(*Stamps one foot.*) The devil!

GRACE.

And that when you ask me to marry you, you were already engaged.

COPE.

(*Astonished.*) Engaged? I? I'm not engaged to anybody—except you. And I'm not engaged to you, yet. Who said I was engaged?

GRACE.

The woman herself, Sybil Schwartz.

COPE.

(*Comprehending.*) Sybil!

[281]

THE GALLOPER

GRACE.

(*Indignantly.*) Ah! You said you didn't know her.

COPE.

(*To himself.*) *That's* why they didn't want me to meet Sybil. O Blanche Bailey! O Billy Ashe! Wait until I get my hands untied. (*To GRACE.*) See here! Where are you? I can explain this; not all of it, but——

GRACE.

You can explain nothing! Good-by, Mr. Warren, forever! (*Exit upper left.*)

COPE.

Here! Come back here! Grace! (*He falls over chair on right of table, and lifting it throws it down violently.*) Get out of my way. (*At the noise of the falling chair O'MALLEY appears at corridor.*)

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

What's the matter? Are you hurt? Hello! who are you?

COPE.

(*Limping.*) Well, if it comes to that, who are you?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

I'm a prisoner of war.

COPE.

I'm a prisoner of peace.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

These barbarians are taking everybody prisoner. *No one* is safe! He has even locked up a Red Cross nurse—in there—a noble, brave woman——

THE GALLOPER

SYBIL.

(*Calling.*) O Captain! Is that you, Captain? (O'MALLEY runs to door upper right.)

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

The saints preserve us! Yes, dear lady! I'm coming, dear lady!

SYBIL.

(*Appearing at door.*) Could you get me a candle? It's so dark in here.

COPE.

Heavens! That sounds like——

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Certainly, dear lady, in one moment, in one moment. (*Runs to mantel for candle.*)

SYBIL.

Hurry, please, the rats are running all over the ceiling! Oh! why did I ever leave Newark?

COPE.

Newark? It is Sybil!

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Here is a candle, sweet lady.

COPE.

(*To himself.*) "Sweet lady!" I say, that's a bit strong. Sybil seems to forget that she is engaged to me.

SYBIL.

Thank you, brave heart.

THE GALLOPER

COPE.

"Brave heart!" Heavens! Can it be that Sybil no longer loves me? (O'MALLEY *hands candle to SYBIL, and kisses her fingers.*) Here, I say! (*Resignedly.*) Oh, don't mind me, don't mind me!

SYBIL.

Now, I won't be frightened; and if that Turk threatens me, I'll promise him a thrashing from the man I'm going to marry.

COPE.

The man she's going to marry!

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

The man you're going to marry? Do you mean it, darling? *Will* you marry me?

SYBIL.

Yes, Captain, I will.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Darling! (*Takes her in his arms.*)

COPE.

(*Dancing joyfully.*) Hurrah! It's all off! I'm a free man! I'm a free man!

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

The devil! What does this mean, sir? How dare you? (*To SYBIL.*) Go back to your room, dearest. I'll speak to this fellow—alone.

SYBIL.

O Captain! don't hurt him.

COPE.

No, don't hurt him, Captain.

THE GALLOPER

SYBIL.

And dearest, don't let him hurt you.

COPE.

Now, how could *I* hurt *him*?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

In just a moment, darling. (*Pushes SYBIL into room and closes door.*) Now, sir! (*COPE jumps, and backs away from O'MALLEY.*) What did you mean by that insulting laughter? Who are you, anyway? (*Studies COPE closely.*) By the powers! I believe— (*Partly raises kerchief.*)

COPE.

Here! Don't pull my nose!

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Ha, ha! At last! I *will* pull your nose. Do you know me?

COPE.

No, I don't! And I don't want to know you!

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

I am Captain O'Malley.

COPE.

(*Delighted.*) Hello, Cap! Think of meeting you out here! Isn't this a small world?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

You have insulted me three times, and run away three times. You will not leave this room until we fight that duel.

THE GALLOPER

COPE.

If we fight that duel, you'll leave this room feet first.
(ANSTRUTHER and GRIGGS enter from upper left.)

GRIGGS.

(*Hurrying toward COPE.*) Here he is! Bless his heart!
Home again!

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Thank Heaven! you're safe and sound.

COPE.

Safe and sound nothing! There's a wild Irishman in
this room trying to *shoot* me.

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

Shoot you! (*To O'MALLEY.*) Are you the man?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

I am the man, and I'm glad you gentlemen have come.
Three times I have challenged that person to fight, and
now I brand him as a coward.

COPE.

It is very awkward to fight with your eyes shut and
your hands tied. (GRIGGS begins to untie handkerchief.)
No, don't take that off, or they'll cut off my ears!

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

He's no coward. He's a brave man. And if he wants
a friend, I'll back him.

GRIGGS.

So will I. I have been a second in ten duels.

THE GALLOPER

COPE.

That settles it! Now, there'll be a duel in ten seconds.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Thank you, gentlemen. All I want is satisfaction according to the code. By Jove! And I think *I* can present a friend also. He has served in six campaigns.

COPE.

If your friend's anything like you, I'll fight him too. (O'MALLEY *knocks at lower door left. Then opens it, and speaks into it.*)

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Sir, may I speak with you?

COPE.

Who's he talking to? *He* hasn't got a friend in the world. He's talking to himself. (WARREN *appears at door, glances at the three men and bows slightly.*)

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

A short time since, I believe I did you a slight service.

WARREN.

You did indeed, Captain.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

I now ask the honor of your assistance in a duel.

WARREN.

Certainly. Who's duel?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

Mine, and that gentleman's.

THE GALLOPER

COPE.

Not mine! Anybody can have my share of it.

WARREN.

I'll serve you with pleasure, Captain. How do you intend to fight?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

We intend to shoot at each other across that table.
(COPE turns his head anxiously to GRIGGS.)

COPE.

How big is that table?

WARREN.

As your second, may I ask why you are fighting?

COPE.

Yes, you may. And when you find out, tell me.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

He insulted my Colonel, and I—took from him the lady he was to have married. For that I feel I owe him satisfaction.

COPE.

You gave me all the satisfaction I wanted when you took the lady.

WARREN.

If your Colonel was insulted, you've got to fight.

COPE.

Who has? Which of us are you talking to?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

To both of us. No man can insult my Colonel.

THE GALLOPER

COPE.

Then, why wasn't your Colonel at the front? If he hadn't had cold feet, I wouldn't have poured the Burgundy into his boots.

WARREN.

(*Astonished.*) Wouldn't have—what? *What* did you do?

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(*Sternly.*) At a public banquet, that man emptied a quart of Burgundy into Colonel Zerzes's boots.

WARREN.

That man! Impossible! That's not the man who did that. I know who did it. Is *that* the cause of the duel.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

It is.

WARREN.

Then the duel is off. That's the wrong man. I won't let you fight *him*.

COPE.

(*To ANSTRUTHER and GRIGGS.*) I say, I like him. He's a better second than you are.

WARREN.

The man who really did that to Colonel Zerzes was a correspondent. His name is——

COPE.

(*Quickly interrupting.*) Hist! Hist! Never mind his name. We don't want to get *him* in trouble. Perhaps you'd better know *my* name. My name is—Kirke Warren!

THE GALLOPER

WARREN.

(*Laughing.*) Kirke Warren! Have we met again? Well, if you're Kirke Warren, you'll be interested to know that I am Copeland Schuyler.

COPE.

For Heaven's sake! Here, take these things off my eyes! I've got to see *that* man. (GRIGGS and ANSTRUTHER *slip off bandage and cut rope.* COPE *shakes hands with WARREN.*) Well, well, well! Dear old Cope! How you have changed!

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(*In a stern whisper.*) One moment, please. When are we to settle our difficulties about Sybil Schwartz? (COPE *raises his voice and looks at WARREN to attract his attention.*)

COPE.

Mrs. Schwartz? Sybil, you mean. (WARREN *starts.*) Why, there is no difficulty about Mrs. Schwartz. (To O'MALLEY.) I think as your second he ought to hear this. It will interest him.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

I don't think so.

WARREN.

I do. As your second—I'm sure it will

COPE.

Yes, I think it will. Well, there's no difficulty about Sybil. No, Sybil no longer loves me. Sybil no longer desires to become Mrs. Kirke Warren. (WARREN *laughs, and to hide his smile covers his face with his hand.* To O'MALLEY.) Ah, you see! It does interest him. He's crying. He's sorry for my loss. No, you're the only man

THE GALLOPER

Sybil loves now—you lucky dog—you most fortunate of men!

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

(*Clasping his hands.*) Ah, I am indeed!

COPE.

(*To WARREN.*) Poor devil! (*To O'MALLEY.*) And, O Captain, oh, promise me you will be very kind to her.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

I swear it.

COPE.

Good! If I thought—if *we* thought you and Sybil would be unhappy together—it would make us very miserable, wouldn't it? (*WARREN nods sadly.*)

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

For *her* I will work until I drop!

COPE.

That's right! I see you intend to work in Sybil's brewery. (*GRACE enters excitedly at upper left.*)

GRACE.

Mr. Warren, may I speak with you?

COPE.

You may indeed! (*To O'MALLEY.*) Sybil is probably worrying for fear I hurt you. Go tell her I spared your life.

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

I will. (*Opens door upper right. SYBIL appears, and in dumb show they remain talking in doorway. COPE turns delightedly to GRACE.*)

THE GALLOPER

GRACE.

Blanche has explained everything. Who you really are, and why you did it.

COPE.

I did it to be near you. Can you forgive me?

GRACE.

Can you forgive *me*? (*OSTAH enters hurriedly with SERGEANT and two soldiers. SERGEANT and soldiers come down lower right.*)

COPE.

Well, if we both want to be forgiven, my troubles are over.

COL. OSTAH.

(*Fiercely.*) I want Mr. Kirke Warren!

COPE.

And then, again, maybe they're not. Yes, Colonel.

COL. OSTAH.

A dispatch rider has just brought an order from Edhem Pasha. It places you under arrest.

COPE.

He's too late. I *am* under arrest. That dispatch rider always was slow.

GRACE.

What have you done to be arrested?

COPE.

Nothing, the first time. I suppose I've done it again.

[292]



THE GALLOPER

COL. OSTAH.

You are the man who fought against us in Crete. The fact that you are found inside our lines out of uniform condemns you as a spy. I am to send you to the base, where you will be shot. (All exclaim in chorus.)

GRACE.

Oh!

CAPT. ANSTRUTHER.

That's impossible!

GRIGGS.

This is an outrage!

SYBIL.

The monster!

CAPT. O'MALLEY.

He *can't* do it!

WARREN.

Here, this is getting serious. (*Comes forward.*) Colonel, *I* am the man you want.

COPE.

(*Pushes him left.*) Keep quiet, you idiot! Let him send me to the base. They won't shoot me. They'll see I'm the wrong man; that will give you time to escape to the Greek lines. The Greeks are not a hundred yards from this house. (*BLANCHE enters upper left.*)

WARREN.

(*To COPE.*) No, no, it's too dangerous; they *might* shoot you. (*To OSTAH.*) Colonel, *I* am Kirke Warren! (*BLANCHE runs to him.*)

BLANCHE.

Kirke!

THE GALLOPER

COL. OSTAHL.

(*Eagerly.*) Ah, you know Mr. Warren. Which is he?
(COPE quickly seizes her hand.)

COPE.

Hello! how are you, Blanche?

WARREN.

(*Imitating.*) How do you do, Blanche?

COPE.

(*To OSTAHL.*) Fooled you that time, Colonel.

BLANCHE.

(*To COPE.*) What does this mean? (COPE, WARREN, and GRACE whisper to her eagerly. OSTAHL crosses to SERGEANT.)

COL. OSTAHL.

(*In a whisper.*) The women will show us which is the right man. When I give the order to fire—do not fire—but watch the women. Attention! (*To all.*) I've had enough of this! Kirke Warren, you are to be shot as a spy. (*To SERGEANT.*) Make ready! Aim! (*The soldiers raise their rifles. GRACE screams and throws her arms around the neck of COPE. BLANCHE screams and embraces WARREN.*)

GRACE.

Kirke!

BLANCHE.

Kirke! (*The soldiers look uncertainly from WARREN to COPE and then to the COLONEL. OSTAHL stands bewildered. COPE smiles at him over the shoulder of GRACE.*)

THE GALLOPER

COPE.

You will have to guess again, Colonel. (*There is the report of firearms and shouts outside. MOUZAFFER rushes in centre.*)

CAPT. MOUZAFFER.

Colonel! The Greeks! They come! They come!

COL. OSTAH.

Follow me! This way! Follow me! (*Runs off, followed by MOUZAFFER, SERGEANT, and soldiers. WARREN, ANSTRUTHER, and GRIGGS follow more leisurely, consulting together.*)

COPE.

All you women—in there! Quick! O'Malley, you're on parole. Take care of the women. (*SYBIL, BLANCHE, O'MALLEY, and GRACE run to upper door left. All exeunt but GRACE.*) Hurry! now, hurry!

GRACE.

(*At door.*) Please be careful!

COPE.

You bet I'll be careful. Go inside, quick, and bar the door. (*GRACE exit.*) Where the devil did they put my gun? (*Finds his belt on bench, and as he buckles it on the INNKEEPER rushes in centre, carrying a bell-mouthed blunderbuss.*)

INNKEEPER.

(*Screaming.*) Glory! Glory! The Greeks! Look! (*Points off centre.*) They have captured the rainbow.

COPE.

The *what*? They have captured the *what*?

THE GALLOPER

INNKEEPER.

The rainbow bridge. (COPE with rising excitement seizes INNKEEPER by the arm and points off centre into the darkness.)

COPE.

The rainbow bridge! Is that little arch thing called the rainbow bridge?

INNKEEPER.

Yes, yes.

COPE.

How long's it been called that?

INNKEEPER.

How do I know? Thousands of years—since Alcibiades.

COPE.

Alcibiades! "At the foot of the rainbow." This inn is at the foot of the rainbow. What's the *name* of this inn?

INNKEEPER.

Ikon. Basilika Demnos.

COPE.

(*Shaking him.*) Say it in English.

INNKEEPER.

It's called the Inn where all men are equal.

COPE.

Jerusalem! I've found it! "At the foot of the rainbow where all men are equal, twenty feet in, twenty feet left." (*Runs to centre door and from it comes down rapidly, placing one foot before the other, and counting.*) One—two—three—four—five— (*Outside the firing continues fiercely. The*

THE GALLOPER

INNKEEPER *hides in corridor. A Turkish soldier enters backward. As he backs down stage he fires out of the door, and in retreating bumps into COPE.)* Stop that! Confound you! can't you see I'm counting! (COPE *runs back to door and again begins to count. The soldier runs to window, and pushing aside curtain fires from window. SERGEANT enters and also brushes COPE aside, then runs to window.)* Here! if you do that again, I'll punch your head! Can't you look where you're going? Where'd I leave off? (Counts.) Nineteen—twenty. (Turns left, counting rapidly, to fireplace. Halts.) Twenty feet in, twenty feet left. Five feet up! Dig! (Raises his hands.) Alcibiades, you can't fool me! I've found your combination! (Throws aside andirons, shovel, tongs, pots, and pans, and disappears up the chimney. OSTA, terrified and dishevelled, enters centre with MOUZAFFER.)

CAPT. MOUZAFFER.

Come back, sir. Come back to your men!

COL. OSTA.

No, no, it is too late. I surrender. They come from every side! (The INNKEEPER *fires from corridor.)* Look! they are in that corridor. (Bricks, plaster, and stones fall from chimney to the stage. COPE *is heard cheering joyfully.)* And there! Look! They are coming down the chimney! (Falls on his knees before the chimney holding out his sword, hilt foremost. MOUZAFFER *runs to centre.)*

CAPT. MOUZAFFER.

Follow me! men, follow me! (Exit. SERGEANT and soldier *run to door centre. COPE falls out of the chimney, his face and hands streaked with soot. As they exeunt the two soldiers fire at him. He clicks his unloaded revolver wildly at them, at OSTA, and then at the INNKEEPER, who runs back into corridor.)*

THE GALLOPER

COL. OSTAHL.

I surrender, I surrender. (*COPE throws down revolver and takes OSTAHL's sword.*)

COPE.

You are *my* prisoner now. If you don't get off your knees, I'll cut your ears off. (*He sticks the sword in his belt, and running down to footlights takes from under his shirt a leather bag. From it he draws strings of pearls.*) Great Jerusalem! (*Holds bag high in the air above his head.*) The world is mine! (*Shoves bag back under his shirt on left side.* WARREN, GRIGGS, ANSTRUTHER, *enter hurriedly centre.* GRIGGS *runs toward door upper left.*

GRIGGS.

We've won! Come out! You're safe! (*Door opens and O'MALLEY and women enter. GRACE comes down to COPE's left.*)

VOICE.

(*Outside.*) Attention! His Royal Highness, the Commanding General! (*The CROWN PRINCE enters, escorted by staff, Greek soldiers, and INNKEEPER. All men salute him, all women curtsy. The PRINCE salutes them.*

INNKEEPER.

(*Pointing to COPE.*) May it please your Royal Highness, *this* is the gentleman.

COPE.

(*To GRACE.*) Is *he* going to arrest me, too?

PRINCE.

I am told, sir, you effected the surrender of this place single-handed.

[298]